HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK.

HERR EUGEN RICHTER, Radical.

HERR AHLWARDT, Anti-Semetic.

CHANCELLOR COUNT CAPRIVI.

EX-COURT CHAPLAIN DR. STOECKER, Conservative.

HERR SINGER, Social Democrat.

HERR BEBEL, Social Democrat.

THE GERMAN ARMY BILL.—[See Page 726.]

THE VICTORIOUS CHANCELLOR, AND SOME OF THE PARTY LEADERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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MORE MONEY.

ONE of the sages of the People's Party in Kansas some time ago delivered himself at a public meeting as follows: "If all the money that is in the banks were in the pockets of the people, the country would be better off." This good man was evidently unaware of the fact that the money which is in the banks does not belong to the banks, but to people who deposited it there, and can draw it out again when they please; that, meanwhile, this money is lent out by the banks to people who can give sufficient security; and that, when so lent out, it circulates among the people in the channels of business, and is, therefore, virtually in the pockets of the people. The sage had probably applied to a bank for a loan without offering sufficient security, and the loan being refused, he concluded that the money in the banks was maliciously withheld from the people. What he really meant to say was, that if the money which was in other people's pockets were in his, he would be better off. Of which there is no doubt. But this sage and his disciples will have to consider that there are but two honest ways of getting money—to sell something for it, or to borrow it. So long as you have things to sell that other people want, such as corn, or dry-goods, or your labor, you can always get money in exchange for them. If you have things of value to pledge, which the lender of money considers sufficient security that he will get his money back, such as land, or wheat, or cotton, or good railroad bonds, you can borrow money. The recognition of this fact moved another Western stump-speaker, who had turned the matter over in his mind, wisely to remark: "What we people need is not more currency, but more collaterals"—a great truth.

But our Populist thought he had found a way to get money for those who had neither anything to sell nor anything to pledge, and that was to have the government issue more currency in the shape of silver dollars or paper dollars. He called this "cheap money," because, being made of cheaper material, it would be easier to get. There seemed to be an idea floating in his mind that if the government issued lots of currency, there would be government officers with big bags of money going around the country to put some of it in the pocket of every one needing it. But our Populist would soon discover that, after all, money cannot be got except by selling or by pledging something for it, and that the additional issue would again go into the pockets of those having something to sell or to pledge—ay, most of it into the pockets of those having most to sell or to pledge. This not answering our Populist's purpose, he would perhaps conclude that the government has not coined or printed enough silver or paper dollars, and that if it issued still more, and much more, the wished-for "relief" would come. In fact, this has been actually done ever since the enactment of the BLAND law and the SHERMAN law; and yet nobody could get any of this "more money" who had not something to sell or to pledge, and no "relief" was perceptible. However large the issues might be, our Populist would find that the conditions of getting dollars would remain always the same.

He may even presently make the discovery that as more of such "cheap" money is issued it may become more difficult, instead of more easy, to get it. The lender of money wants to be secured against loss. He wants to be certain not only that he will get his money back dollar for dollar, but also that the dollar he gets back will be of no less value than the dollar he lent out. When he has reason to fear that after having lent out money in gold dollars, or at least in dollars exchangeable for gold dollars, he may have to take back in payment of the loan silver dollars, or paper money exchangeable only for silver dollars, intrinsically worth only 60 or 70 cents, he will either not lend out any money at all, or lend it out in a way that he may call it back at any moment, and then only under the most exacting conditions as to security. Our Populist might then not be able to borrow money even if he had security to offer which under other circumstances would be considered good. This apprehension on the part of the money-lender will inevitably be excited when he sees the government issue so much money of an inferior intrinsic value that its ability of keeping it at par with money of standard value, namely, gold, becomes a matter of doubt. As soon as such a doubt arises the man who has money will not only be extremely cautious in lending it out, but he will probably make haste to call in the loans he has out. European capitalists who under ordinary circumstances largely invest in American securities and enterprises, and send many hundreds of millions to this country, will, as soon as they begin seriously to apprehend that the value of our legal-tender dollar becomes uncertain, try to save themselves by selling their American securities and by withdrawing their capital from American enterprises as much as they can. Then, instead of flowing in, good money flows out of this country in large streams.

Our Populist will say that this talk about the intrinsic value of money is very foolish, inasmuch as the government fixes the value of money by law, and that when it declares a silver dollar to be as good as a gold dollar, it is so. This may be taken as true on one very essential condition. If the government declares a silver dollar of the present weight and fineness to be as good as a gold dollar of the present weight and fineness, and couples with this declaration the promise, and makes good that promise, of exchanging a gold dollar for a silver dollar on demand, or of accepting silver dollars in payment and of paying out gold dollars when wanted, then the silver dollar will pass for as good as a gold dollar. But as soon as the government withdraws that promise, or shows itself unable to fulfil that promise, or even causes an apprehension that in the future it will not be able to fulfil it, then people will no longer look upon the two metals as equals in value at the ratio fixed by law; they will be irresistibly moved to inquire how much the quantity of silver contained in the silver dollar is worth in the market; and if they find it to be less than a gold dollar's worth, then they will keep hold of the gold dollars and stow them away, and the foreign creditor or investor will draw as many out of the country as he can. In other words, gold money will go out of circulation, and the quantity of current money will be decreased not only to that extent, but a good deal more; for when the paper dollar which was redeemable in gold is redeemable only in silver, it will represent less value; it will buy less; and the same quantity of it will, therefore, not be sufficient for the same amount of business for which it was sufficient before. Thus it happens that the issuing by the government of "more money" of the cheap variety actually results in less money for the use of the people.

We commend this common-sense view of the case to those of our readers in the South and West whose Senators or Representatives in Congress still talk of resisting the repeal of the SHERMAN act, or even of enacting a free-silver coinage law, on the ground that the coining or purchasing of more silver will give the people "more money." A little sound admonition from home will do these statesmen much good.

SUDDEN AND SUSPICIOUS WEALTH.

OLD times, old fashions, habits, customs, come round again and again. Old vices follow the universal example, too, until the kind of thing that makes them possible wears out. Twenty one or two years ago there was a great club-house on the shores of Long Island Sound, and there were stories of extravagant orgies within its walls. Steam-yachts and fast horses, expensive houses in town, were the possessions of the club's members, who wore diamond-studded tiger heads on their shirt bosoms, for they were also in the councils of Tammany. It was a day of vulgar display that angered the good citizens of New York, and finally aroused them to the performance of their civic duties. It was the last act in the drama that ended when the doors of a prison cell closed upon its principal actor.

Are we seeing the last act of another drama, with a like plot, with similar actors, played on the same boards? The good people of New York are hoping so. Twenty years ago the people of New York looked at the New Court-house, and thought sadly of their dollars that were swelling the millions of TWEED and his followers, scores of whom were growing rich without any known business or resources. We have no new court-house now, but we have the politicians who are growing rich, and we know no valid reason for their ostentatious wealth. We can only guess, and that most of us do shrewdly enough.

There is one man who used to be a country lawyer and editor, whose life for at least fifteen years has been spent in politics; who has not seriously practised his profession in these years; whose official income has been his sole apparent revenue, all for which he rendered legitimate and known service; who, when he was at the height of his career, was forced to borrow money for campaign expenses on notes endorsed by men having pecuniary dealings with him as an official. Suddenly his official income is reduced one-half, and he signalizes this event by purchasing an expensive estate. Another lawyer, younger and poorer than the last, who has also abandoned his profession for politics, has acquired luxurious habits on a salary of $5000 a year. Another man, whose absolute power is greater than that of any human being but Pope and emperors, or of negro chiefs in the wilds of Africa, was once a laborer. For a time his wide distinction came from a charge of murder that was lodged against him. During many years, as far as most of his fellow-citizens know, he has had no occupation but politics. He has not held lucrative office. Indeed, there is no office in this country from whose legitimate rewards wealth can be acquired. This man has risen from "heeler" to "boss," and during his progress upwards has not toiled at any business or industrial occupation—at least, with the zeal and distinction which would account for riches. And yet, within a few months, he has given abundant evidence of the possession of a large amount of money. He has purchased an expensive house on Fifth Avenue, and has bought a number of valuable race-horses. He has made his appearance on the turf, and already there are murmurs of discontent heard in Tammany Hall—discontent bred by his display of riches. Does any one know how this man's wealth has been obtained? At least, no one has taken the interested public into his confidence.

Another Tammany leader, who has suddenly burgeoned into a moneyed magnate, organizes a wedding for his daughter which recalls the famous TWEED and McLAUGHLIN weddings, to which the subjects of these rulers brought princely dowers in tributes. What is the meaning of it all? Not only the leaders of Tammany, but the captains of hundreds and their lieutenants live on a scale far beyond their official incomes. Men who rise above the ranks in the police force, and receive a salary equivalent to the pay of a captain in the army, own houses in New York which a captain in the army could not afford to rent. The signs of luxury spread into the neighboring country districts. From New York to Albany and Troy, and northward still, town and county clerks and treasurers, collectors of taxes, supervisors, and village presidents and trustees appear to be growing rich, strangely and mysteriously. They can live in better houses, drive better horses, smoke more and better cigars, and drink richer wines than business men can afford whose known income is five times as much as their salaries.

They are to be seen wherever it is expensive to be, and notably on the race-track, where they frequent the betting-ring. There are politicians whose yearly incomes from the offices they hold average from $500 to $1500 who annually lose ten or a dozen times their salaries on the race-track. How they recoup themselves would be difficult to tell, whether at faro, roulette, poker, or some more certain game they alone know.

But how is the wealth that supports this magnificence and recklessness obtained? The public does not know. If a private citizen grows rich he has many friends who know his occupations and can give an account of his successes. If his wealth is great enough to give him distinction the whole city knows, through the newspapers, the means whereby his riches have grown. It is not so with the politicians. They grow rich secretly, and there are only rumors as to their methods.

These rumors are of bad, even criminal practices. It is the fact that every man in this city whose property or business comes within the power of a city official is fined for that official's benefit; that men and women pay largess for the privilege of breaking the law; that candidates for office are taxed to swell the private coffers of "bosses." It is known that laws are made at Albany whereby brigands in city and country may prey upon property; that franchises are granted for money, and to be sold for pelf. It is known that contractors on the public works pay tribute, and secure the money to pay it by charging liberally for "extras," or by making profitable work for themselves by discovering or creating damages to be repaired. There are stories current of large political holdings in various corporations possessing valuable franchises in this city. There are tales told of pools of money formed by corporations that are at the mercy of the Legislature, and this money is used by shrewd and trusted agents to buy elections for the friends of the corporations, and to purchase or prevent legislation.

Whatever may be the truth as to the means by which these men have grown rich, the fact remains that they are rich, and that no one can tell why. In this country no man can grow so rich as they, suddenly or slowly, that hundreds of his neighbors cannot tell you every step he took on his road to wealth. This ought to be enough. The rich politician who has made his money mysteriously is not only an object of suspicion. The presumption is against him, and he is unworthy of trust.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN BRITISH RAILWAYS.

THE newest evidence of the influence of American manners on English habits appears in the almost simultaneous adoption of third-class dining-cars on several of the more important British lines. First-class dining-cars have been in use for some years. Nearly fifteen years ago they were introduced between London and Leeds, first on the Great Northern road, soon after on the Midland, and recently and with reluctance on the Northwestern. The next step was taken three years ago, when the Great Eastern road admitted both first and second class passengers to its dining-cars between Doncaster and Harwich, and fed its third-class passengers in their own compartments. This line has added this summer third-class dining-cars to its equipment, and has been matched in this innovation by the Midland and the Northwestern roads, both of which have made a like provision for the comfort of third class passengers on their trains between London and Scotland. The English journals dilate on the perfection with which meals can be served on these last-named roads. On the Midland train's trial trip a passenger let a full wineglass stand on the table while he timed the speed of the train. The train was going at the rate of seventy-six miles an hour, but the surface of the liquid barely quivered. For luncheons on these trains the charge is, first class, 2*s.* 6*d.*; third class, 2*s.* For dinners, first class, 3*s.* 6*d.*; third class, 2*s.* 6*d.* For teas (pot of tea, roll, and butter), 6*d.*

The London *Times* dates the revolution of English railway travel from a visit to America made twenty years ago by the manager of the Midland Railway. That visit, it says, resulted in the admission of third-class passengers to every

train on almost all English roads, in a general movement for the abolition of second-class carriages, and in the introduction of Pullman cars both for day and night travel. It expects soon to see the third-class dining-car followed by the third-class sleeping-car, "and then," it says, "we shall be in sight of the final result, when, in England as in America, there will be but one class of carriage for ordinary local traffic, supplemented on long journeys by extra accommodation available to all passengers alike on payment of the same extra fare." It does not at all lament this prospect, but rather glories in it, contrasting the increased consideration shown to the contemporary third-class passenger with the primitive methods of half a century ago, when the "swinish multitude" that filled the third-class carriages "were either kept outside the station altogether, or shut into a pound till the first-class passengers had started; then they were herded into seatless and roofless pens, in which they travelled along with horses, cattle, and empty goods wagons. Possibly," adds the *Times*, "they received treatment as good as their habits and manners entitled them to. Yet it undoubtedly marks a striking revolution in social habits and point of view when the railway managers of to-day, who presumably have good means of gauging the taste of the public for which they cater, propose to set before the lineal descendant of the occupant of the cattle trucks of 1843 a civilized dinner in a luxurious dining-car."

The threatened innovation which the *Times* does object to is the prospect that "the blue riband for speed" is to be surrendered without a struggle to American "flyers." That, from "the Thunderer's" stand-point, would be a shame too deep for any (British) railway man with a spark of patriotism in him to characterize in words. Perhaps so, and yet for the solace of our cousins it may be suggested that the final competition for extreme speed just now seems less likely to be between American and British steam-engines than between steam itself and some new-fangled means of locomotion. It would be less irksome on either side to accept a brand-new machine from across the water than to be outdone in the application of methods of locomotion with which English and Americans have had ample time to be thoroughly familiar.

CHICAGO MANNERS.

THERE has been for years past more or less good-natured fun made by the Eastern press about the manners that prevail in Chicago society. The professional humorist could always grind out what would pass for a funny article on this subject when all other topics failed him. Naturally, therefore, the subject has been worn somewhat threadbare, and as it has been shorn of its fun, these articles have appeared to be serious instead of merely humorous. There is a certain large section of the public which reads little else than newspapers, and this section very naturally adopts the ideas of the newspapers as its own. So when the funny article about Chicago manners was no longer funny, but seemed from much use to be entirely serious, this section began to believe that the people of Chicago were vulgar braggarts, ignorant boors, and awkward clowns. They believed that the men in the politest circles of Chicago society had the manners of the stock-yards and the grain pit, and that the women chewed gum from morning till night. Now this was very diverting when it was new, but as it has been old ever since the days of Artemus Ward, it seems about time for even the third and fourth rate humorists to find some other topic for a stand-by. There are vulgar people in Chicago, to be sure, just as there are in New York, in London, in Paris, in Berlin, or any other great city. There are cads and snobs too, in Chicago, just as in the other cities named, but we are firm in the conviction that the cads and the snobs on the shores of Lake Michigan are much fewer in every five thousand inhabitants than they are in the populations that dwell by either the Hudson or the Thames. The healthy enthusiasm that makes each genuine Chicago man and woman proud of Chicago is an antidote to the meanness and littleness upon which cads and snobs subsist.

If we conceded that Chicago people were rude, impolite, ignorant, and vulgar, we should have to concede at the same time that the American people as a whole lacked those gentle qualities which sweeten life and make existence worth the while, for Chicago is more representative of the whole country than any other of the great cities. The idle twaddle of so-called society leaders and censors is of no account at all in a discussion as to either politeness or gentility. These men and women who arrogate to themselves the authority to make laws and pass judgment are neither polite nor gentle, for they confound, in considering politeness, form with spirit, and seem unaware of the fact that a person who attempts to discuss so indefinable a quality as gentility shows that he knows very little about it, and therefore is a fool for the pains he takes in talking about that with which he has small acquaintance. The visitors to Chicago this summer, or at any other time, will experience more genuine politeness from casual acquaintances than would be met with in many of the older cities. Let a sojourner in Chicago stop a busy man in the street to ask for a direction; the information would be given, in nine cases out of ten, fully, freely, cheerfully. Let the same experiment be tried in one of the older places—well, we fancy in nine cases out of ten the inquirer would be met with an entirely different reception. It is very likely that the average resident of Chicago has not taken on a very high Parisian polish; neither has the average Bostonian, New-Yorker, or Philadelphian, for that matter. But is it desirable that he should do so? We think not. We are not French, and, however much we admire that graceful and courteous people, we do not wish to be. Nor do we wish to appear like them, nor yet like second-rate Englishmen, the favorite model for the snob in all parts of America. If American men and women will be but kindly without self-consciousness, they will do very well as they are; and of such the proportion is quite as great in Chicago as anywhere else in this country. The high-fliers at fashion, the cads, and the snobs should be counted out in any consideration of the manners and values of the real men and women in the United States.

THE MAN WHO STAYS IN TOWN.

THERE is an unusual number of men in town this summer, and there seems to be a growing disposition on the part of those young men who occasionally think, to leave the watering-places to the young women and their mammas. Of recent years there has been more or less complaint crudely but significantly shadowed forth in comic and other newspapers of the absence of young men from places where the refining hop and the ennobling moonlight flirtation hold sway. This absence has been charged up against the young men in the cursory account-books of the summer, but the young men have found the debt an easy one to pay by a little extra exertion in the winter.

"Why is it that the young men linger in the shade of the apartment-house, instead of seeking the cool verandas of summer hotels?" we can fancy some modern Glaucon asking of Socrates the mondain.

"Because the young men of to-day," answers the philosopher, "understand that the summer is set apart for the recuperation of the energies exhausted during the winter."

"But," asks Glaucon, "is it not so that the country is the place for recuperation in the summer, and not the city?"

"True it is," responds Socrates, "that the country is the place for rest and recuperation."

"Why, then, do not the young men go to the country?"

"They do, when they can afford long railway travel, guns, dogs, and rods, or yachts, or other expensive muniments of rural liberty, including time."

"Then it is not to the country, the rural, recuperative country," foolishly speaks Glaucon, "that the maidens hie?"

"Is silk gingham; is a plank piazza an umbrageous forest; is a cut-glass goblet a tin cup; is a Jersey cow a grizzly-bear?"

The truth is that the young men of to-day do not look respectfully on those of their sex who are willing to do in summer what they must do in winter. They want a rest not so much from the physical as from the social atmosphere of the city, and they secure that by staying in town, if they cannot afford the luxury of a yacht, where they can get by themselves on the salt sea, or the time for a long trip into the Western wilds. The young man of to-day respects his muscles, and is not half so much given as his grandfather was to pure dallying. When society goes into the country, he therefore takes a rest by stopping in town. It is better for him and better for the young women, who are thereby relieved of the temptation to spend too many hot hours dancing under the gas-light or to sit up too late. Therefore they come back to town refreshed and better-looking, and the young men are glad to see them.

Carrying society into the presence of Nature is an exhibition of pretty bad taste, although the young man who stops in town is not actuated by any such lofty sentiment. He stays for comfort. The clubs are full on these pleasant evenings, and those who haunt them, or the Park, or the neighboring sea-shore, or the roof gardens, are thoroughly enjoying themselves, and Socrates the mondain knows it.

THINGS TALKED OF

IN the hum of discussion heard throughout the land regarding the further extension of the political rights (and duties) of women there is an occasional note of clear-ringing candor and sense that is very refreshing. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, was recently asked by one of the interviewing reporters, who prevail even in that town, whether she approved of women serving on juries. She replied: "I absolutely have no opinion on the subject. I have never been able to make up my mind, and I know nothing about it." On the face of it this would seem discouraging, or at least discourteous, to the advocates of women as jurors; but a little reflection would show it to be evidence that Mrs. Wells is an example of the ideal jury-woman. She confesses to the statutory degree of ignorance, and complies with the rational requirement of not forming an opinion without the evidence. For our part we are persuaded that there is a vast amount of excellent raw material for juries in the sex, and that it is unpardonable neglect on the part of the male voters not to avail themselves of it. No man likes jury duty. Why should not the chances of being subjected to it be reduced?

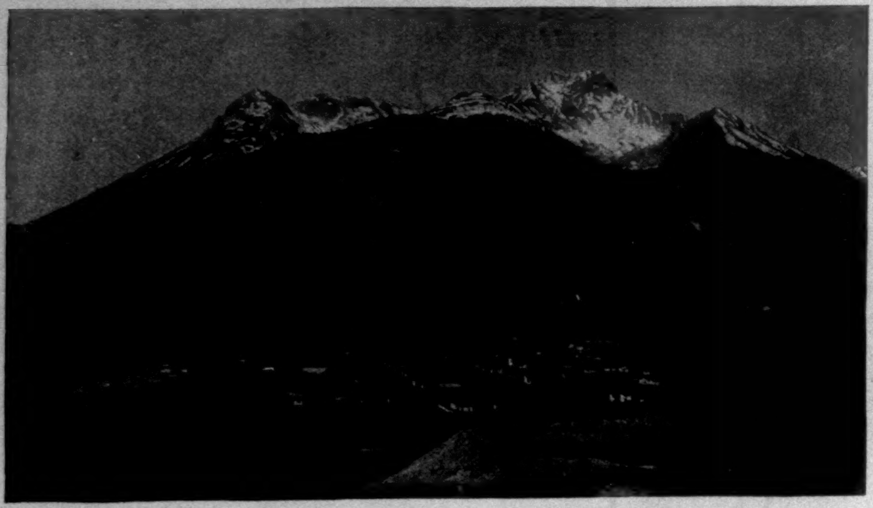
It has recently been announced, on apparently good authority, that the Russian government has determined to keep a considerable detachment of its war-vessels in the harbor of New York and its vicinity, and has made a contract with the owners of one of our largest dry-docks for such repairs and even alterations as may be required in these vessels. There is no reason in law or public policy why this should not be done, and it would be a very great advantage to the Russian government to be able to winter its vessels outside of its own ice-locked waters. In case of any war between Russia and another nation, the limits placed by international law upon advantages to be accorded to either are well enough known, and would doubtless be faithfully observed. In the notion that this rendezvousing of foreign war-ships in our port would benefit us by stimulating desire for and pride in a large navy of our own we cannot share. It is much easier for us to get a navy too big than to keep it as modest as we ought to keep it. It would be almost criminal for us to enter the absurd race in building war-ships that prevails among transatlantic governments, for even if we could keep up in it, a great navy would be rather an incitement to war than a defence against a foe. And we confess, moreover, that the peculiar effusiveness recently shown by some of our naval officers in their intercourse with the Russians went far beyond the requirements of professional courtesy. As fellow-sailors they are entitled to polite treatment; for the spirit and purpose of the government whose will they must do Americans can have no admiration and only purely conventional respect.

It cost the people of the United States about $25,000 in a couple of hours the other day to settle in the minds of the officers of the Ordnance Bureau whether some armor plates made by the Carnegie and Bethlehem steel-works respectively were as good as they ought to be. It was found that they were; and what that means can be imagined when one of the plates was 17 inches think, weighed 31½ tons, and was attacked by shells weighing 850 pounds each, the last ones fired from a 12-inch gun at a distance of only 319 feet, striking it with the force needed to move a mass of 21,600 tons, or 43,000,000 pounds, through a foot of space. The projectile went through. We take it that that did not surprise even the experts who are used to thinking about those inconceivable masses and velocities. But what did surprise them was that the hole it made was nearly as clean as if it had been drilled, and that not a crack appeared about its edges. Though this particular projectile was lost, having been deflected and fallen into the Potomac, the other projectiles which penetrated the same plate were found in perfect condition and fit to be used again. That seems almost more marvellous than the perfection of the plate. Meanwhile the people of New York may take some satisfaction in knowing that down at Sandy Hook the War Department has just mounted a gun that will throw a 1000-pound projectile, and make a hole in the heaviest armor-clad ship now afloat at a distance of six miles. If we must spend money on what we hope are purely peaceful experiments, it is a comfort to know what we get for it.

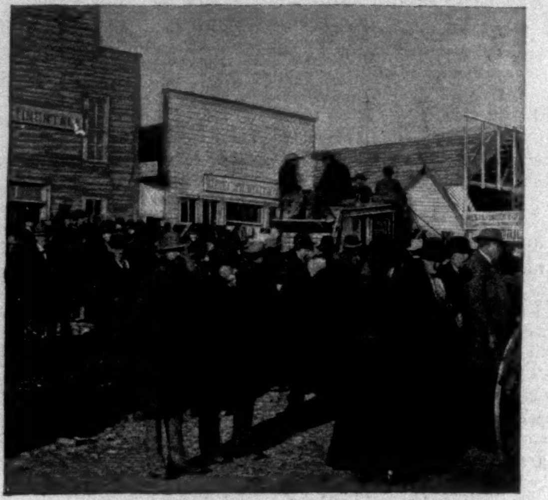
If ever there was an American in spirit and purpose, of that high type of patriotism of which the pride is not merely in what the country is but in trying to make it what it ought to be, it was Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who died at his home in Lenox on the 18th of July. Beginning his service to his country by four years in the army of the Union, a gallant, faithful, and intelligent officer, he devoted many years of his later life to the foundation and development of his now famous trade schools in this city. The original and constant aim of these schools was to give to young men of American birth the chance to earn a living by an honest trade, the right to which is largely curtailed and almost destroyed by the action of the trades-unions. These organizations, in the short-sighted belief that the fewer workmen there are the more work there will be for each, have reduced the number of apprentices as low as possible. At the same time every freshly arrived mechanic from the other side is enlisted in a union as soon as may be, because outside of it he is a rival. The result is steadily to recruit the trades from men of foreign birth, while it is next to impossible for young Americans to learn a trade. In Colonel Auchmuty's schools all the building trades, and tailoring as well, are taught, not for nothing, for they are not a charity, but at moderate rates, and in a thorough, scientific, and practical manner. And the system is gradually extending to other cities, enlisting the support of intelligent employers and slowly of the better trades-unions. To this work Colonel Auchmuty gave nearly all his time and strength and large sums of money, though he was not a man of great wealth. Happily, by an endowment of $500,000 by Mr. Pierpont Morgan added to the previous gifts of Colonel Auchmuty and his wife, the schools are now permanently established. It was a very noble work, nobly and modestly done.

Sir Henry Thompson, of London, is engaged in the somewhat quixotic enterprise of arousing the English mind to a just sense of the appalling insufficiency of British cooking and the hopeless inefficiency of British cooks. We call the enterprise quixotic, not that Sir Henry has not ample justification in facts, or that we regard the enemy to the fair sex that he is attacking as in any sense imaginary, but because, so far as we are aware, the English mind, and, what is more, the English digestion, are fairly content with both cooking and cooks. Nor is this the worst of it. The *Spectator*, which is the worthy organ of the thoughtful Englishman, while admitting that the cooks are bad and the cooking execrable, calmly suggests that this may be one reason for the conquering tendency of the English race. It points out that ruin overtook Persia and Sparta and Rome in proportion as their diet became first eatable, and then palatable, and finally luxurious. All of which may be true, though we have a great horror of strict analogies, but if we were Englishmen we should distinctly and deliberately prefer digestibly cooked daily food to all the possible conquests now remaining on this little ball of earth, and we tender to Sir Henry Thompson the assurance of our distinguished sympathies.

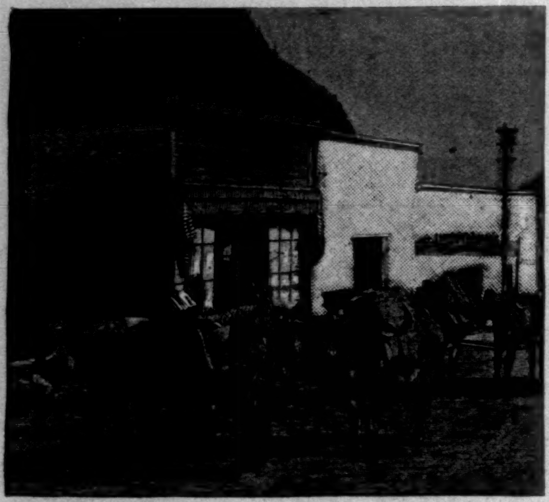
The temper of Governor Flower and the Civil Service Commission in their recent conference with the committee of the Civil Service Reform League was not altogether perfect. It is not unnatural that they should prefer to match records with other administrations to dealing sternly with the defects of their own, but that is not the way to win public confidence or to do their full duty. The evidence is quite complete that there are many places now under the State government that have been filled contrary to law. It is not so important whether these are more or less than two years ago as it is that the wrong shall be righted, and that is quite within the power of the Governor if he is determined to do it. The Comptroller has been "advised" that he cannot legally stop the salaries of persons appointed contrary to law, but if the Governor insisted that he should do so, and let the courts decide the lawfulness of it, we venture to say that the Comptroller would yield, and also that the courts would sustain the Governor. There is no trouble in securing a very thorough enforcement of the civil service act of 1884 when those in charge earnestly desire it. It is being done now in Buffalo under Mayor Bishop, as it was in this city under Mayor Hewitt. If Governor Flower will take it up as he would a business matter he would bring it out all right, and this he has promised to do.



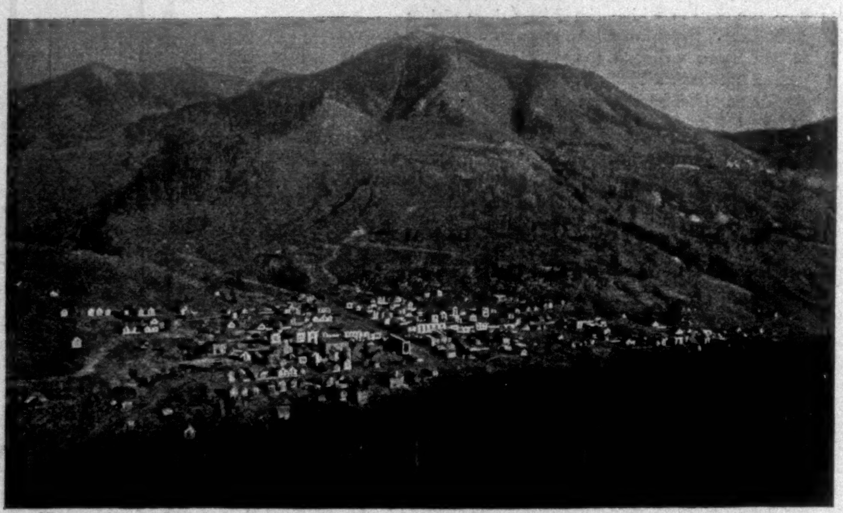
SILVERTON.



STAGE ARRIVAL AT FREMONT, CRIPPLE CREEK.

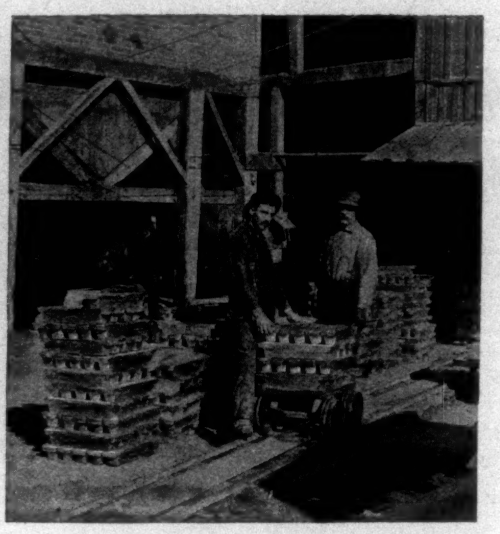


BURROS PACKED FOR THE MOUNTAINS—A STREET SCENE IN OURAY.



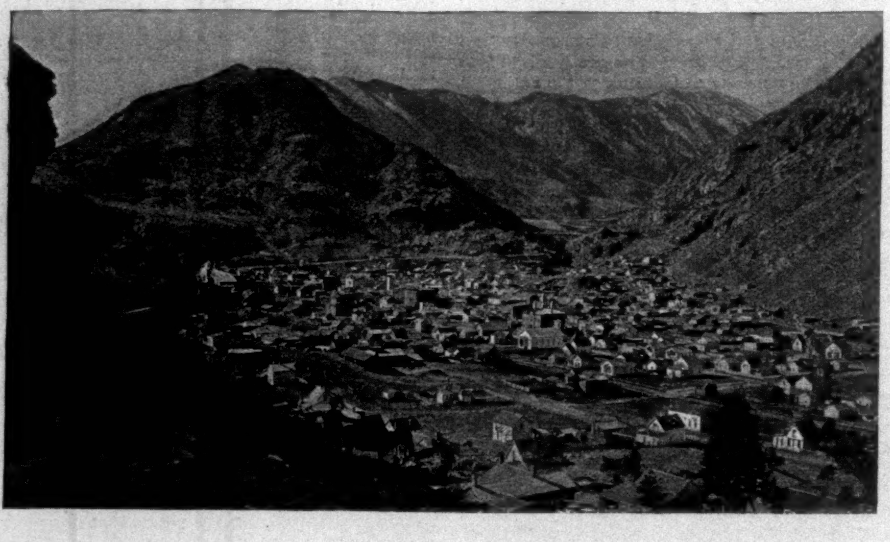
RICO, AND THE ENTERPRISE GROUP OF MINES.

ON SILVERTON AND OURAY TOLL-ROAD, YANKEE GIRL MINE.



BULLION AT THE AMERICAN SMELTER, LEADVILLE.

GOLD KING MINE, CRIPPLE CREEK.



GEORGETOWN, COLORADO.

IN THE COLORADO MINING CAMPS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

CECILIA INGLES.

XVII.

GEORGE OGDEN and Jessie Bradley were married during the third week in October. The wedding took place at St. Asaph's, with the participation of a small section of the choir, and the Floyds opened their house for the reception that followed. Walworth even gave George a small lunch at his club.

For some weeks previous Ogden had watched for the right opportunity to make a formal announcement of his plans to the head of the bank, and to ask for a week's leave. For nearly a month, now, Brainard had not looked at him, had not spoken to him; and when he entered the old man's office to make his request, Brainard still refrained from looking at him, and in speaking to him was as curt as possible.

"We need all our men right here; you must give up any idea of going off."

"Blow hot, blow cold," thought George, and asked Jessie what she preferred to do under the circumstances.

She had planned a long and rapid and lavish tour, and the tears of disappointment started to her eyes.

"Go anyway," she cried.

"Go? Do you know what he is?" And "Do you know what business is?" he almost added.

She lapsed into a sullen silence.

"We could arrange the wedding for a Saturday," he suggested, "and spend Sunday in Wisconsin."

This proposition stuck in her throat, but presently she gulped it down. "Only don't call it a wedding trip," she said, tartly. "Well," she went on, "we'll settle that. We must, because the cards have got to be started out pretty soon—all those people who have entertained me have got to be remembered. There's some in Providence, and in Detroit, and in St. Paul. And don't let me forget those Louisville people that took me to Old Point."

They spent their Sunday in Oconomowoc, along with the Seven Bridegrooms. The day was wet and gloomy, and most of the time they sat in-doors over a grate fire. Mists dulled the blazing red of the maples, and a thick fall of leaves was churned into the mud before the house by the wheels of farm wagons returning home from church. Only at sunset did the clouds clear away, and the full moon rose over one lake while the sun sank below the other.

George recalled this many times in after-years.

They had taken a house in Walton Place for the year and a half from November first. The house had been vacant some little time, and the landlord made no account of an introductory fortnight.

Mrs. Bradley had come in from Hinsdale, and had superintended most of the furnishing and fitting up. She saw the window-shades put into place, and told the men where to set the refrigerator, and Jessie had looked on with the gay irresponsibility of a child who watches puppets being strung.

On their return from Wisconsin they found the house decorated almost throughout with chrysanthemums. The new greenhouse at Hinsdale had devoted the whole autumn to this specialty.

Jessie sank down into one of her big new easy-chairs. "Nothing to do but to be happy," she sighed, with a long and delicious expiration.

She had her days, but those dates were of course overridden by her intimates.

Among the first to call were the Floyds. Walworth came over with a pocketful of cigars—to christen the new wall-paper, he said.

"Have you got any closets?" was one of his questions.

"Plenty," replied George.

"Then I don't see but what you're all right—just as well off in a house that you rent as we are going to be in a house made to order. If ever I turn architect"—with a glance towards his wife—"I shall begin every house with a dozen closets, and then pour in the various rooms around them. Four drawers in every one, and two rows of hooks. How stuff does accumulate!"

"Yes, the inside is rather nice," Jessie acknowledged; "but the outside might be improved. I have my own notion about the porch and the front door."

George turned to her as if to ask what that notion might be.

Other friends followed—Brower among them.

He went about rather shyly, looking at the draperies and *grilles* and mirrors. In the semi-gloom of the dining-room he threw his arm over Ogden's shoulder and looked into his eye with a friendly and affectionate smile.

"I never expected you to do it," he said. "You have left me as lonesome as the deuce."

"Do it? Why not?"

"Because you're so careful; you always think things out—regular old Puritan sage."

"Oh, well," began George, with the air proper to a launching out into a broad and easy generalization, "aren't we New England Puritans the cream of the Anglo-Saxon race? And why does the Anglo-Saxon race rule the globe except because the individual Anglo-Saxon can rule himself?"

"Oh, I know," said Brower, discontentedly; "that's all right, up to a certain point."

Others came, among them the Valentines.

"And how do you like your new house?" asked Mrs. Valentine, effusively. She addressed Jessie exclusively; with her everything went in the female line. "We are new converts too, you know—just over from the West Side. We are very much pleased, aren't we, Adrian?"

Her husband gave his corroborative little bow. "We were being left rather aside, over there," he admitted. "And take the South Side, for that matter. Business is walking right over them, and the whole section is in a state of mild panic from the Courts to Oakwood Boulevard. Yes, we're safe and quiet, and settled to stay."

Still others came, among them Cornelia Tillinghast Brainard. She called frequently, she usually brought her husband with her, and she never failed to walk him all around the Ogdens' neighborhood. Her favorite time was Sunday afternoon; then she took him along the Lake Shore Drive and through all the adjacent streets, with the full benefit of daylight.

Cornelia now had command over a good seven hundred thousand dollars, and she was arming for the social fray. She meant to bang her shield against the shields of other amazons. The gladiator must come to the arena, and the centre of the arena seemed to be somewhere near the water-works tower. If Burton was going to put seventy or eighty thousand dollars into a house, the site of it must not be too far away from this point.

"I expect I shall cut a pretty wide swath," Cornelia acknowledged to herself.

Jessie had her receptions through November; her intimates appeared at these as well, and so did many of her more formal acquaintances.

On one of these occasions George, having left the bank early, after a light day, hurried home, dressed himself, and hastened down to the parlor. Its contracted space was beflowered and belighted, and quite a little throng of ladies were circulating and chatting there. Mrs. Floyd and Miss Wilde were among them; so were Mrs. Ogden and Kittie; so were Mrs. Valentine and Mrs. Atwater.

His wife hurried up to him; her cheeks were flushed and her large eyes burned brightly.

"If you had only been three minutes sooner! She has just gone. She was telling me why she hadn't been able

"'HOW WELL IT'S DONE!' SHE SAID TO HIM."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1902.

to come to the wedding. I wanted you to meet her so much."

"Who is this?"

"Cecilia Ingles."

"There is such a person, then?"

"Why, George, what do you mean? Of course there is, and she was just as nice to me as she could be."

"Why shouldn't she have been? I see you call her Cecilia. Are you as intimate as that?"

"Everybody calls her Cecilia. See, Mrs. Atwater is trying to catch your eye."

A tall and rather stately woman of thirty-five was standing in the doorway; she seemed finished—in profile, figure, and carriage. "How well it's done!" she said to him. "Who is the presiding genius?"

"My wife's mother, I fancy." He turned and drew her attention to the rustling of Mrs. Bradley's black silk.

"Ah!" she said, indifferently, and turned away.

He had been unable to apprehend the simple costliness of his questioner's dress, and he only half wondered how, in a dozen quiet words, she had conveyed the impression of an expert addressing a beginner; but he could not refrain from asking himself if there was a slight here on Mrs. Bradley. He looked at the old lady again. She was moving about with the greatest show of confidence and good-will. No thought of anything called "differences" had entered her head. She did not believe that anybody would want to slight her or that anybody could. She had come on the ground in the early days of simple friendliness, and perhaps she was too old to apprehend that anything different had developed in the mean while. She certainly seemed to need no defence, and George was assuredly in no position to offer any.

"Cecilia has gone off and left me," Mrs. Atwater resumed; "careless girl!" They were half-sisters, and Mrs. Atwater was several years the elder. The Atwaters and the Ingleses ran as a kind of four-in-hand. The rich sister had married a poor man, and the poor sister had married a rich man, and they all went along at the same pace. It was a somewhat rapid pace. "I'm going to see what Mrs. Floyd can do for me; I dare say she has a spare seat."

His wife caught at Mrs. Atwater and bade her adieu with effusion. Did Jessie regard it as a feat and a triumph to have secured her presence? So it seemed to Jessie's husband.

The last of these little receptions was disposed of, and the honeymoon drew to its close. Quiet succeeded this introductory flurry to married life, and George now took occasion to lay a steady hand upon the throbbings of the "pocket-nerve."

His apprehension of any suffering in this part of his financial anatomy was, indeed, largely anticipatory; it was not that the nerve had been roughly touched, but that it soon might be. He had no tendency towards a retrospective study of the journal-and-ledger aspects of his courtship. He had been spared the expense of the wedding journey that Jessie had planned by the unaccountable veto of Brainard. And the remuneration of St. Asaph's choir and kindred matters had fallen to his wife's father to arrange. But, all the same, many small indications arose to make it worth while for him to remember that he was a young man on a moderate salary, and that most of his available means were badly tied up.

He noticed that his wife was developing a disdain of the public conveyances; a carriage was sometimes required of afternoons, and invariably of evenings when dances or theatre-going might be the matter in hand. She was also cultivating her taste for flowers; she had employed them rather lavishly at her receptions (in conjunction with her mandolin-players), and her appreciation of them kept equal pace with the advancing coldness of the weather and their own advancing cost. She also betrayed a ravenous taste for the exasperating superfluities of house-furnishing, and his bills for things needful were attended by a train of little accounts for things quite worse than useless.

"Oh, well, we shall be fitted out pretty soon," he sighed; and he saw his studious face reflected from among the cluttered *bibelots* of his mantel-piece.

The point of completion as regarded the interior was finally reached, and his wife's intentions as to the exterior presently developed. She accompanied him out into the vestibule one morning, and stood at the head of the steps to bid him good-by.

"These doors are awfully shabby and old-fashioned," she declared. "Don't you suppose the landlord would put in new ones?"

"I'm quite sure he wouldn't. I wouldn't in his place."

"Well, we have taken this house for a year and a half, and are likely to take it again for a year or two longer. Why couldn't we fix things up ourselves? The entrance counts more, really, than anything else."

"That might be thought about."

"Yes, indeed. If Mary Munson is coming to see me, I want things as nice as they have everything."

Mary Munson was of the Louisville family that had entertained Jessie Bradley at Old Point Comfort. It presently transpired that she was under like obligations to many other acquaintances of her girlhood.

"I must pay them up," she explained. "Besides, I need company—all alone here during the day, and mamma away off there in the country."

The succession of Mary Munsons lasted, indeed, through into spring. Flowers, carriages, and matinée tickets doubled up finely, and the hideous mien of the caterer was seen in connection with frequent lunches.

"I spoke to Mr. Atwater to-day about the front of the house," she said to him one evening towards the close of dinner. "Maggie didn't quite get around to pudding to-day," she went on, as the dessert came in, "so I sent out for this ice-cream. Take some of these lady-fingers with it."

"To Atwater?"

"Yes. Frances wanted me to go up with her and see the drawings for the front of their house. It's going to be lovely. He had some special little drawings for the outside doors, and things like that. He's got beautiful taste."

"I know he has."

"I asked him to design some doors for us."

"You did?"

"Yes. He said he had a new idea that he'd like to try."

"You must get your landlord to pass on that. He might not like the new idea."

"Think not?"

"He might object. It would all come on his hands in the end."

"We'd better go on with it, don't you think?"

"But don't let it be anything too unusual or too elaborate." Architects, he understood, generally charged a commission on the cost of the work; so much per cent.—five, he had heard. "We don't want to go in too deep."

They left the table and sauntered slowly into the parlor—the drawing-room, Jessie called it. The standing-lamp sent out a broad glare from under its shade of crinkled yellow paper, and the floor of the room burned with a dull and unaccustomed red—the red of a handsome Turkish rug.

"Ah, what's this?" exclaimed George.

"I picked it up to-day," she said; "it was so pretty, and just the thing for this room. Cecilia called it a great bargain—she knows all about rugs."

"Then you have been shopping with Mrs. Ingles?"

"Well, she was getting a few things. She said that sixty dollars was little enough for it."

"Sixty dollars! Did you pay for it?"

"I had it charged."

"Charged?"

"Yes; wasn't that right? Why, George, even poor mamma, away out there in Hinsdale, has her account at Field's."

XVIII.

The drawings for the embellishment of the house on Walton Place were undertaken by Atwater, and their scope broadened under the artist's hands. George, at his wife's request, took the elevator one noon and went up to the roof to see them.

In Atwater's absence he was received by the head draughtsman. The scheme had widened, as such schemes will; there were suggestions for the porch and for new hand-rails. There was also a drawing for a cornice in harmony.

"Um," said George, thoughtfully. "This is all very handsome."

At about the same time that work on the Ogden house began, the work on the plans for the Floyd house received a check. This check was due to the first Western trip of Winthrop C. Floyd, treasurer of the Massachusetts Brass Company. He came on a general visit of inspection.

The morning after his arrival he sat in the office of the Chicago branch; he had come down with Mrs. Floyd and Claudia. His keen and quiet eye ran over the furnishings of the place.

He was a bachelor of forty; he was dressed simply but elegantly—he was completely *comme il faut*, except for his muddy shoes, which seemed to trouble him.

"Well, Walworth," he said, with the manner of an elder brother and of an official whose dictum had weight, "you are pretty well fixed up out here—better than the home office, in fact."

"Have to be," returned the other. "Down East everybody knows the company; you could do business in a coal-shed if you wanted to. Here it's different. People don't know us from a hole in the ground; they go by what they see."

"Do you use all these calls and things?"

The wall was set with electrical devices for calling boys from everywhere for everything.

"Sometimes. Anyway it looks as if we did, and that helps business."

Little Claudia came creeping up to his desk.

"When are you going to begin, papa? I've come down to see you do it."

"Do what, my dear?"

"Make money. You said you did it here. When are you going to begin?"

Winthrop swung his chair towards the window and looked out at the driving rain and at the crowds of vehicles and passengers in the filthy streets below.

"Yes," he said, under his breath; "when are you going to begin?" Then aloud, "What a beastly hole! Is there no government here?"

"Precious little for a million and a half of people, and precious bad what there is."

"A million and a half? Nonsense!"

"Why nonsense? There's the census, and there's the regular annual increase."

Winthrop favored his brother with a stare of frank curiosity. Walworth had spoken with some warmth; he seemed disposed to throw an undue ardor into his defence of his adopted home—a city where quality seemed to count for less than quantity, and where the "prominent" citizen made the "eminent" citizen a superfluity. Then, too, Winthrop coupled with the earnest lines in his brother's forehead a slightly dingy necktie under his brother's chin. He observed, moreover, in the polishing of the shoe which Walworth, for greater emphasis, was beating on the carpet, a neglect of the heel in favor of the toe. And there were several other indications of a growing carelessness in dress.

"Well, Walworth," he remarked, "you are getting acclimated, I guess."

"Not to this sort of thing. Yes, there's a million and a half of us here, and this little quarter of a square mile is probably the most crowded and the most active of any on the globe, and yet it isn't found worth while to keep it clean, or even decent, small as it is. On days like this you feel as if you just wanted to remove the inhabitants and annex the whole place to the Stock-yards."

Mrs. Floyd paused in the adjustment of her bedraggled skirts and looked up fiercely.

"Why remove the inhabitants?" she inquired.

"Frances!" called her husband.

"Why indeed?" asked Winthrop. "I never saw such a beastly rabble in my life."

"Nor I," she cried. All her smouldering resentment against the town broke out with the appearance of a new Eastern ally.

"Except in Madrid or Naples." Winthrop had travelled in his younger days; he never made these European comparisons except under extreme provocation.

"Why are things so horrible in this country?" demanded Mrs. Floyd, plaintively.

"Because there's no standard of manners—no resident country gentry to provide it. Our own rank country folks have never had such a check, and this horrible rout of foreign peasantry has just escaped from it. What little culture we have in the country generally we find principally in a few large cities, and they have become so large that the small element that works for a bettering is completely swamped."

He looked almost pityingly on his brother. "This is no town for a gentleman," he felt obliged to acknowledge. "What an awful thing," he admitted further, "to have only one life to live, and to be obliged to live it in such a place as this!"

But pity was not an important factor in Winthrop's Western mission. The Chicago office was costing too much and earning too little. There was to be a general reduction and scaling down; the most important part of Winthrop's baggage was the pruning-knife.

He remained a week. He used the knife pretty thoroughly. He snipped Atwater's plans for Walworth's house into very small pieces. He left Walworth in a great state of depression—a depression deeper than any he had felt since his failure in coffee and spices.

His last evening in Chicago he spent in Walworth's library. It was a sober little room, and Walworth was the soberest man in it. His wife made only an occasional emergence from her unquiet silence; she no longer looked on Winthrop as an ally. The Fairchilds were there, and the Ogdens dropped in during the course of the evening. Fairchild and Winthrop did most of the talking.

Winthrop's sensibilities had now lost their keenest edge; the weather had improved, and the general aspect of things was a little less disgusting. He listened to Fairchild with the cautious reserve of a maturity that was accustomed to meet elderly strangers. He acknowledged, too, that the city was a big fact, and perhaps a more complicated fact than he had imagined.

"You have seen the foundations," Fairchild said to him. The old gentleman lay back in his chair and spoke in a quiet and dispassionate tone. "It has taken fifty years to put them in, but the work is finally done, and well done. And now we are beginning to build on these foundations. We might have put up our building first and then put in the underpinning afterwards. That is a common way, but ours will be found to have its advantages."

"I dare say," admitted Winthrop; "but you have made an awful muss doing it."

"Well," rejoined Fairchild, "you may look at the external aspect of things, which is distressing enough, I acknowledge, or you may consider the people themselves, who are perhaps the real essential."

"Winthrop finds them rather distressing too." It was Walworth who spoke; his voice came in a muffled tone from the darkest corner of the room.

"What have we done to him?" demanded Jessie Ogden, quickly. "Haven't we received him well?"

Winthrop had no ground for individual complaint, and he hastened to make this clear. Personally, he had been made a great deal of. He was rather a large figure at home, and he naturally grew larger still the farther he travelled West.

"I don't think it can be denied," pursued Fairchild, tranquilly, "that new-comers are pretty well received here, whether they come to stay or to pass on or to go back. All that a man has to do, in order to insure good treatment, is to put a certain valuation on himself. That done, the more he claims, the more he receives; we take him at his own figure. The more I think of it, the more I am astonished at so much humility among people who have accomplished such great results. Commercially, we feel our own footing; socially, we are rather abashed by the pretensions that any new arrival chooses to make. We are a little afraid of him, and, to tell the truth, we are a little afraid of each other."

"H'm," said Winthrop, rather grimly; "Boston goes farther than that. Some of our great lights are almost afraid of themselves."

"I've noticed," remarked Mrs. Floyd, "that there is a good deal of watching and waiting for cues—people of plain origin who are beginning to take upon themselves the forms of social organization." She spoke like a princess of the blood royal.

"That is the point," said Fairchild. "Individually, we may be of a rather humble grade of atoms, but we are crystallizing into a compound that is going to exercise a tremendous force. To him that hath eyes this crystallization, this organization, is the great thing to note just now."

"I acknowledge to have seen the ferment of activity, as they call it," said Winthrop.

"You may have seen the boiling of the kettle," returned Fairchild, "but you have hardly seen the force that feeds the flame. The big buildings are all well enough, and the big crowds in the streets, and the reports of the banks and railways and the Board of Trade. But there is something, now, beyond and behind all that."

"Let me tell Winthrop," broke in Mrs. Floyd. "Since I can't take him to our club, I must bring the club to him. At our last meeting"—there was a subacid relish in all this—"it developed that the present intellectual situation in Chicago is precisely that of Florence in the days of the—the—"

"Medici," suggested Ogden.

"Yes, the Medici," said Ann Wilde, loudly. She looked at him with a sharp aversion; he seemed to be taking part in her sister's joke. "That's just exactly what my paper said; the Florence of the Medici after the dispersal of the Greek scholars from Constantinople by the Turks."

"Oh, murder!" said Walworth to himself; "what will Ann rig up next?"

"The Florentines of that day," pursued his sister-in-law, "didn't know so very much, perhaps, but they were bound to learn, and that was the main thing. And it's just so here."

"Quite right," said Fairchild; "we know what there is to learn, and we are determined to master it. Our Constantinoples are Berlin and London and the rest—yes, Boston too; and all their learned exiles are flocking here to instruct us."

"And the books that are coming in!" cried Jessie Ogden. She was no great reader, and she spoke less as a student than as a Chicagoan—that is, she spoke more ardently than any student could have spoken. "Does the enemy know that four of the biggest buildings in this big city are built of books?"

"The new libraries," her husband explained—"the ones that are going to make us the literary centre."

"Dear me," said Winthrop, "are you expecting that?"

"Oh yes. And we expect to be the financial centre, and presently the political centre too—Chicago, plus New York and Washington."

"And where is Boston?"

"A little behind," said Fairchild. "New York is the mainmast yet; Chicago ranks as foremast—at present; while Boston is—"

"The mizzenmast," completed Ogden.

"And we Chicago folks stand at the bow," chimed in his wife, "and sniff the first freshness of the breeze."

"Yes," said Winthrop, in satirical assent; "the 'Windy City.'"

"Don't abuse our wind," cried Mrs. Floyd; "we should all die like flies without it."

"That's so," assented her husband. "The wind is our only scavenger."

"I see," said Winthrop. "If you can only be big, you don't mind being dirty."

Then, half in amusement, half in amaze, he concentrated his attention on the banker. "Can it be that there are really any such expectations here as these?" He addressed Fairchild exclusively—the oldest and most sedate of the circle.

"Why not?" returned Fairchild. "Does it seem unreasonable that the State which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch in our history, and which has done most within the last ten years to check alien excesses and un-American ideas, should also be the State to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis?"

"And you personally—is this your own belief?"

Fairchild leaned back his fine old head on the padded top of his chair and looked at his questioner with the kind of pity that has a faint tinge of weariness. His wife sat beside him silent, but with her hand on his, and when he answered she pressed it meaningly; for to the Chicagoan—even the middle-aged female Chicagoan—the name of the town, in its formal, ceremonial use, has a power that no other word in the language quite possesses. It is a shibboleth, as regards its pronunciation; it is a trumpet-call, as regards its effect. It has all the electrifying and unifying power of a college yell.

"Chicago is Chicago," he said. "It is the belief of all of us. It is inevitable; nothing can stop us now."

But Winthrop Floyd was glad to withdraw himself on the morrow from his temporary enlistment—or drafting—under the vociferous banner of the Western capital. He did all in his power, as well, to oppose its manifest destiny by transmitting to Walworth, immediately after his return to Boston, a full corporate confirmation of his own anathema against Walworth's office and house. The Chicago representative of the Massachusetts Brass Company was recommended to secure less expensive quarters at the earliest opportunity, and was directed to drop his architectural scheme forthwith.

Walworth at once adjusted matters with Atwater. The architect received his "reconsideration" with composure, but he was doubtless nettled to be balked in a work in which he had taken unusual personal interest, and he was also disappointed merely to be paid for his plans, when he had looked for the fees that follow construction. These considerations may have had their influence on the account which he rendered a month later to the Ogdens—friends and relatives of the Floyds, and introduced, too, by them. This account was handed in much more promptly than is generally the case with an accredited client in other professions—the legal or the medical, let us say—and its final footing caused Ogden considerable consternation.

The account was mailed to the house instead of to the bank, and the stationery employed was such as to suggest a personal matter between gentlemen rather than a purely business matter between architect and client; and Ogden opened it under his wife's eyes, to learn that design had cost him more than construction.

"Your drawings are more of an item than your porch itself," he said, rather faintly. "I shall have to step up there and see about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNOR WAITE, OF COLORADO.

THE SILVER QUESTION IN COLORADO.

SENTIMENT IN THE MINING CAMPS.

THE present decline in silver has been felt more acutely in the mining camps of Colorado than anywhere else in the United States. Colorado's production of silver is about forty per cent. of the whole output of the country, and Colorado and Montana together produce more than two-thirds of the whole. In gold production Colorado stands second only to California. Last year the total value of the precious metals produced in the State was about $34,000,000.

The largest mining camps in the State are Leadville, Aspen, Rico, and Creede, but the mountains are full of them. Ouray, Silverton, and Telluride, with Rico, form a group in the southwest which produce a very considerable amount. Red Cliff and Silver Cliff are others nearer the centre of the State.

The principal gold-mining camps are Breckenridge, Georgetown, Central City, and the Boulder County, Ouray, and Gunnison districts, where gold is taken out with silver, and Cripple Creek, where gold is practically the only product of great value.

It is a noteworthy fact that the miners and other people of the gold camps seem to be just as much in earnest, to put it mildly, for the free coinage of silver as those in the silver camps. There are several reasons for this. First is the general sentiment of the State, which carries nearly everybody with it, that the proper basis for money in this country is silver and gold at a ratio of 16 to 1. The opinion is general that if silver had not been demonetized by this country in 1873, parity could have been maintained, and that if gold had been demonetized instead of silver, the relative values would have been, say, 12 or 10 to 1 instead of 23 or 24 to 1.

Another reason is that a good deal of the gold produced is in connection with silver, and it pays better to mine both together than to get out the gold alone.

A third reason, and a powerful one, is that the gold produced has been sold mostly to the smelteries, which will not—at least at present—keep running for gold alone, the bulk of their business being in silver, and consequently the shutting down of many smelteries has made it very difficult to get gold ore treated. Nevertheless, the gold mines proper have not shut down, but are having as much of their ore as they can treated at the stamp-mills.

The first effect of the drop in silver to 73 cents and the next day to 62 cents an ounce was to paralyze the silver industry. There are three or four mines, like the Mollie Gibson, Smuggler, Last Chance, and Amethyst, in which silver can be produced at less than 60 cents an ounce; but in the great majority of the mines that were in successful operation it costs considerably more than that. A meeting of men interested in mining and smelting was held the day after silver touched its lowest point, and it was agreed to close all mines and smelteries. If the smelteries will not treat the ore, it is useless for the miners to produce it; therefore, for a few days, everything came to a standstill. Since then, however, some smelteries have been started up again, in order to treat the ore in sight, but very little mining of silver has been done.

The cessation of mining has had a terrible effect upon such places as Leadville, Aspen, and Creede, which have almost no other resources. The miners, being out of work, cannot pay. The merchants dare not grant credit. The banks find their reserves melting away, and close their doors. All business suffers, and many business men fail. The closing of the mines has thrown probably 20,000 men out of employment, at a low estimate.

Relief committees have been formed at the places mentioned to try to keep from actual starvation the families whose bread-winners can no longer obtain supplies; but this work cannot be kept up many months. Of course those who are out of work and can get away, do so; but distances are enormous in Colorado, railway fares are high, and the walking is not good.

It is useless to point out to men who have lost their all, and who may soon be in actual danger of starving, that Colorado has other resources than silver; that iron and coal and petroleum, lead, copper, zinc, and building-stone, are to be had for the digging; that the agricultural output of the State last year was almost double the mineral output in value; that gold-mining is bound to yield rich returns. It is hard for a man who has not a dollar and who cannot get any credit to start in a new business. It sounds to him like mockery to tell him of other opportunities.

It is remarkable that in such conditions the sentiments expressed in the mining camps should not be more angry than they really are. Remember that the miners believe that silver has been depressed of set purpose by a combination of bankers and politicians; that the bread has been taken from their mouths by a conspiracy hatched twenty years ago, and carried out with pitiless severity and devilish cunning ever since; remember that for three years back Populist orators have done their utmost to influence the passions of men and excite them to a sectional anger. When one considers these things, it is not wonderful that some men's minds should begin to turn to the idea of a Western empire, or that a few hot-heads should have conceived ideas that are revolutionary. Under ordinary conditions men who cannot make any particular industry pay simply count it as "hard luck," and go to work at something else; but in this case the conditions are not ordinary, for the silver men believe that their misfortunes are due solely to legislation. If the Sherman silver-purchase act is repealed, the first effect will undoubtedly be to send the price of silver down again, and to close absolutely every silver mine in the State. There will be great distress in the camps, and it will be only gradually that confidence is restored, that gold-mining absorbs the attention of some who have been engaged in silver-mining, and that proper appliances are put at work for treating all the gold ore that is taken out.

It is needless to say that the other parts of the State do not feel the pinch as much as the silver camps; but they do feel it, and will continue to feel it for a long time. Money is tight, collections are extremely difficult, and people feel poor, whether they are or not.

SKETCH OF GOVERNOR WAITE.

Davis H. Waite, the present Governor of Colorado, is one of those accidents in politics of which the past three years have afforded so many examples. When the Populist nominations for Congress and for State offices were made last year no one supposed that there was any probability of their election. In many cases the nominations went begging, and men were put up, it was supposed, simply as figure-heads and leaders of a forlorn hope. At that time it was expected that three tickets would be in the field. The Democratic National Committee, however, advised the withdrawal of the Democratic tickets, and their advice was taken. The State was carried against Harrison, but the success of the Populist electoral ticket carried with it the Congressional and State tickets also, which perhaps was more than the Democratic Committee had expected. This result was due to the feeling about silver. The Populist campaign was made almost entirely upon the free-coinage issue, and although intelligent men were aware that a vote for Weaver was really a vote for Cleveland, who was and is esteemed in Colorado a bitter foe of the "white metal," they voted for Weaver "on principle," just as Prohibitionists are accustomed to do in like situations.

Mr. Waite was born and reared in Chautauqua County, New York, and obtained his schooling at the Jamestown Academy. The family is a respectable one, and the Governor's father held for some years the responsible post of Justice of the Peace. Davis H. Waite had always been considered a harmless enough person—a little peculiar in his notions, perhaps, but of estimable private character. He came to Colorado from Kansas, and in 1881 "packed" a printing-office plant into the mountains to Ashcroft, near Aspen, which was then the newest mining camp in the State, and began to issue a little weekly paper called the Ashcroft *Herald*. He moved to Aspen when it began to be evident that that town was to be bigger than Ashcroft, and for a time edited the Aspen *Times*, which was then a small weekly paper. This journal is now issued as a daily, and belongs to Governor Waite's son-in-law, B. Clark Wheeler, who is a State Senator, and a man of some influence in the Populist party.

Mr. Waite added somewhat to his income by practice as a lawyer, doing an office business principally, and became interested also in some mining property.

When he was about sixty years old Governor Waite married a second time, and has now a small child young enough to be his grandson. In Aspen, Mr. Waite was somewhat noted for his opposition to drunkenness, gambling, and other forms of vice, and as Justice of the Peace he was especially severe upon offenders. He was also noted as a bitter anti-Romanist. In politics he was a Republican, and took such part in campaigns as a country editor and lawyer naturally would. Now he professes a hatred for politics and politicians equalled only by his detestation of newspapers which are politically opposed to him.

As Governor, Mr. Waite's record has been by no means all bad. He fell out with the last General Assembly, and vetoed a very large proportion of the bills that were sent to him. On the whole, he has evidently tried to do his best for the welfare of the State as he sees it.

It is on the platform that Governor Waite is rampant. When he gets before an audience he seems to consider it necessary to be as extreme as possible. His utterances at the Silver Convention, however, cannot be excused by the excitement of the moment. His address was carefully prepared and written out beforehand, in order, as he said in prefacing his speech, that he might not be misunderstood or misrepresented by the newspapers. He read closely, interpolating apparently not at all; and the now notorious closing sentence about wading in blood to the bridles of the horses was word for word in his manuscript.

The address would not have attracted so much attention but for the fact that a zealous Populist on the floor moved that it be adopted as the sense of the Convention. The discussion of this motion took two hours, more than half of which was occupied in howling down and hissing the opponents of the motion. It was finally adopted on a rising vote by an application of the previous question, after a lightning count by the secretary, who included among the ayes all the spectators who were standing up in the rear of the hall because they had no chairs to sit on, and the result was announced to be: ayes, 324; noes, 63.

Governor Waite in private is not a bloodthirsty man, and perhaps he introduced his gory peroration simply to give a rousing rhetorical finish to his address. Such utterances have not been at all uncommon in Populist speeches, and nobody has supposed that they really meant anything serious. The Governor has made a great many stump speeches, and has got used to the employment of vivid and extreme language to emphasize his devotion to the silver cause. It is not altogether probable that he meant seriously to advocate the secession of the silver States from the Union, or the invasion of the East by an armed body of Populist cavalry. There are a few extremists who have been talking wildly of rebellion, but, with one exception, the press of the State has either ridiculed or denounced them, and they do not at all represent popular opinion.

It is only fair to say, however, that the feeling about silver is intense in Colorado. The majority of her people really believe that silver was demonetized by a conspiracy, and that the present stringency was brought on deliberately by "Wall Street" in order completely to demonetize silver and defraud the people by raising the value of gold as compared with all commodities. They believe that silver has a God-given right to free coinage, and that this question is therefore not simply one of economics, to be argued academically, but a moral question, and the gold monometallist is not only wrong-headed, but a traitor to the Constitution and a criminal before the moral law. They are not in the mood to listen to argument. In fact, they stand on the silver question just about where Southern Democrats stand on "negro domination."

One of the most creditable things Governor Waite has done was to refuse to call together the Legislature in special session for the purpose of suspending the payment of all debts. This course was urged upon him, but he refused on the ground that it would be unconstitutional.

People of the East may have a chance before long to see and hear Governor Waite. He is to go to the Chicago Convention, and may be sent from there as a missionary in the silver cause to show to the Eastern people the error of their ways. WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

A CAUTIOUS MOTHER.

MR. JACKSON. "Miss Albertina in?"

MRS. JOHNSON. "Yep; an' I will see dat she stays in as long as sich a queer-lookin' thing as you be prowlin' around outside."

THE KING'S PALACE.

THE KING OF SIAM.

A DETACHMENT OF SIAMESE ARTILLERY.

A SIAMESE MILITARY POST ON THE LAOS.

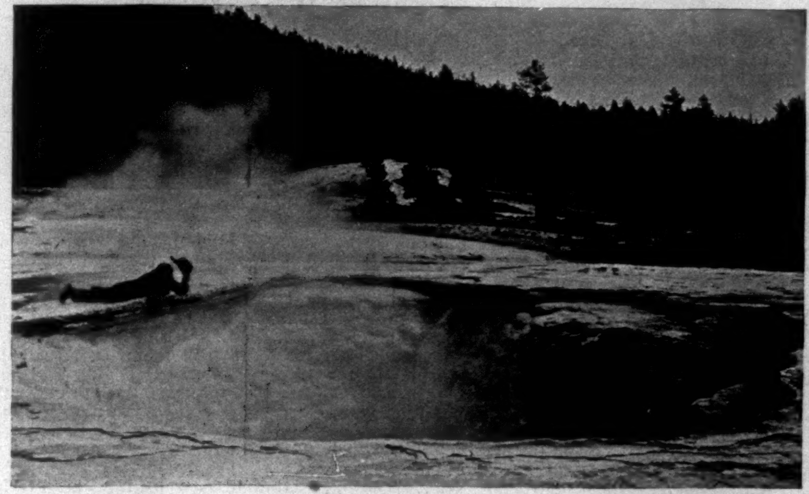
M. GROSGURIN,
For whose Murder by the Siamese the French claim Indemnity.

THE FRENCH ADMIRAL HUMAN.

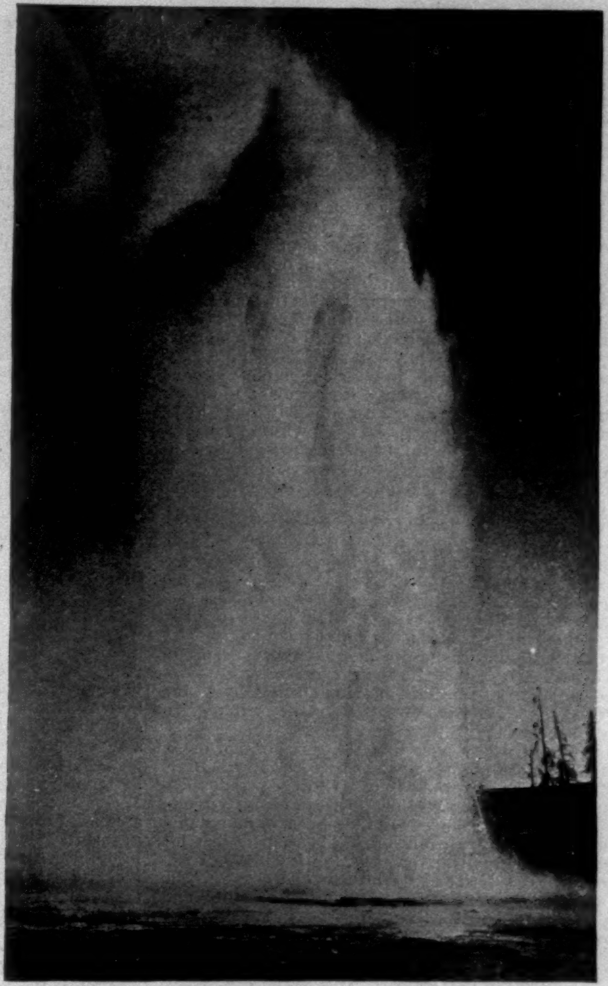
THE CITY OF BANGKOK.

THE FRENCH DIFFICULTY WITH SIAM.—[See Page 726.]

CRATER OF OBLONG GEYSER.



CRATER OF GIANTESS GEYSER.



THE SPLENDID GEYSER.

WAITING FOR THE SPLENDID GEYSER.

GEYSER HILL, FROM HOTEL.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

THE Yellowstone National Park is a large and interesting reservation set apart and maintained by the United States government for the pleasure of its citizens and the preservation of its game, which is mainly visited by Europeans. The American citizen has been a possessor of this great tract of land and of its magnificent proof of Nature's power for twenty years, and yet if he is the average man he listens to lectures and reads articles concerning it with open-mouthed wonder, even with incredulity. In all the world there is no such segregation of natural wonders. In this tract of about 3000 square miles there are manifestations of force so enormous that its mathematical expression could convey no idea to the ordinary mind. Nothing but the imagination can grapple with the problem, and the imagination most stimulated and exuberant carries one but a little way on the road to the truth. Foreigners who have read of it make long journeys from over the sea to spend a week within its magic precincts. For the first fortnight of the present season about half of the visitors were from Europe, and at least two-thirds of these were from Germany. A constant stream of travel is passing within fifty miles of the gateway of this treasury of marvels. The dweller on the Atlantic coast goes 3500 miles to look upon the waters of the Pacific, and the tiller of the fruitful grain fields and vineyards of California travels over the same route to behold with his own eyes the rock-bound coast of the Atlantic. They pass and repass the Yellowstone region without paying it the compliment of a thought. Others go to distant lands to see the mango, or to listen to the chattering of apes in their native woods, or to the roars of the tiger and lion in their own fastnesses, or to watch the smoke of Ætna or Vesuvius curling above its crater. Some travellers from our States make their way to Iceland or New Zealand to see geysers play.

And all the while they have something richer and more wonderful within the borders of their own country. Here is a park which the government cares for in which they may see the last remaining herd of American bison; a goodly company of noble elk; the graceful big-horn, or mountain-sheep; the savage bear, so confident of his security that he has ceased to be aggressive; the wolf, the fox, the beaver, white and black tail deer, and wild ducks and geese. And nowhere else are the animals so constantly on exhibition. For they have learned that here the presence of man is not a menace to their existence. Here also may be witnessed evidences of volcanic force compared with which the hovering smoke of living volcanoes is as the breathing of the giant to the mangled remains of his victim. Here are whole acres of boiling water coming from the bowels of the earth, covered with a thin incrustation of their own deposits, on which one may walk with circumspection, listening meanwhile to bubbling sounds beneath him, his feet warmed menacingly. Here is the region of the oldest geysers in the world, elder brethren of the spirting terrors of Iceland and New Zealand. Here is a cañon whose walls have been rent asunder by an incomprehensible force. Men finely susceptible to beauty have wept on first beholding this wonderful cañon; and hundreds of others, having looked upon its enchanting beauties, have declared that there was nothing left in the world to excite their wonder. And yet, as I have said before, Americans do not visit this marvellous possession of theirs. Probably nine hundred men out of a thousand who spend their summer vacations in trying to see something new think last of the Yellowstone.

Like all other places in which Nature has placed her wonders, roads cannot be built to all of them, and regular guides do not know everything. But the most ordinary excursionist who sees only what is pointed out from the stage or from the piazza of the hotel comes away with a better-informed mind than he possessed when he went there. Occasionally the man with a voice or a pen finds his way into the park, but the effect of nature in its grandest moods and its most beautiful forms is often too strong for the nerves of one who is believed to possess the fatal gift of eloquence, and is likely to inspire an outbreak of fustian. There is, indeed, one eminent gentleman upon whose voice for many years listening multitudes have hung, who, in the presence of the Cañon, was so overpowered by plush that he declared, in tremulous tones of emotion, that the richly colored walls were the "upholstery of the Lord God Almighty." The fact that the distinguished orator is a clergyman relieves the perverted sentiment of its blasphemy, for we know that his motives were good even if his imagination had fallen to earth with a thump like a kite with too much tail. Notwithstanding sermons and articles or the reports of visitors, the Yellowstone Park has never had what has been enjoyed by most of the sickly towns and cities that are its neighbors—a boom.

There is, however, a growing class of our fellow-citizens who are thoroughly familiar with the Yellowstone and its neighboring region. Men who like to hunt big game find it in the Rockies, and they are consequently deeply interested in the government's effort to preserve the wild animals of the continent from extinction.

To the sportsman, the Yellowstone is a paradise. The government does not permit a gun to be shot in the precincts of the park, but the animals that are domiciled and that breed there sometimes stray over the border. The region is bleak and inhospitable, but the park offers sheltered nooks where the game can find browsing even in the depth of the severest winters. The attempt to keep alive and to increase the few remaining species of disappearing American wild animals has been at least partially successful, much to the improvement of the hunter's chances just outside the limits of the government's property. It is not stretching the imagination greatly to say that in the States of Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho for many years there has been around this great national game preserve a cordon of eager and expectant gunners, waiting for some of the elk or deer or mountain-sheep or bear to escape from home. The honest hunters are sometimes rewarded. Sport in the three States has been promoted by the government's care of the game. Poachers are numerous also. There is a pretty thriving trade carried on in trapping beaver by people who travel through the park with an outfit of wagons. There are not enough soldiers to search all the wagons, tramp and otherwise, that travel through the park, and beavers consequently are not so plenty as they once were. The man who is caught in the act of making war on game, however, suffers all the penalties that an acute military mind, bent upon taking care of the nation's dumb wards, can think of.

A year ago men were permitted to carry their guns through the park. The precaution of sealing them was taken, but it was discovered that a bit of tape and wax had no terrors for one possessed of the sportsman's passion, or one lower in the scale of humanity, to whom the price of wild meat is a temptation. Seals were broken, and sometimes dead animals with gunshot wounds were discovered. The guns were confiscated, and this year they cannot be carried in the park. They must be left with the sergeant at the first military station reached by their owners after entering the park. The sergeant gives his receipt for them, and returns them to their owners when they are leaving the park. The utmost care is taken to protect the game, and now there are several thousand head of elk in the park. Captain Anderson, the acting superintendent of the park, estimates that there are at least 25,000 elk in the park—an enormous increase within the last fifteen years.

Perhaps the most interesting group in the park is the herd of bison, the only herd known to exist on the continent. This noble animal disappeared from the plains long ago. It is pretty certain that there are at least 400 bison in the park. They rarely go without its limits, being intelligent enough to know when they are safe. The poachers, however, are their enemies, and many a head that is seen in the shops of the taxidermists in neighboring towns is suspected to have come from bison killed within the limits of the park.

Bears are increasing in numbers also, and a good many people on the outskirts of the park profess to desire the slaughter of these and other carnivorous animals, like the mountain-lions, panthers, and wolves, on the ground that they destroy the elk, sheep, and the deer. If permission were once granted, however, for the killing of what are known as dangerous animals, it would not be long before some hunter bent on bear-slaughter would be tempted to try a shot at a gentler and more toothsome beast.

Besides these interesting and important animals, antelope, badgers, coyotes, foxes, are comparatively plentiful. It is the accepted policy of the government to protect these animals, to the end that they may increase. All true sportsmen agree that the maintenance of this great preserve is in the interest of sport. If game were fairly hunted in the neighborhood of the park the region would increase in attractiveness year by year. The sportsmen who have visited it in recent years can bear testimony to the already increased opportunities resulting from the wise precautions of the government and the vigilance of Captain Anderson and the officers and men of his command. But the poacher is still active, and while the law forbids the killing of game, it inflicts no penalty for its violation. The man who sneaks into the park and kills a deer or elk or some other animal, and is caught outside the boundaries with the carcass in his possession, pleads that the shooting was done outside. It is difficult to prove the contrary, although it may be morally certain that he is telling an untruth. Here the law of the States could be of great assistance, and Montana has done its part by enacting a statute forbidding the killing of certain animals for a number of years to come. Therefore if a hunter is found with a deer or elk or bison in Montana, he cannot escape the law by pleading that the shooting was done outside of the confines of the park. If Wyoming and Idaho should follow Montana's excellent example, the security of the animals would be greatly increased. At the same time legislation by Congress is needed. If the laws are seriously intended they should be made strong enough to carry punishment to those who offend against them.

While game may not be shot within the limits of the park, the lake and rivers may be fished, and there is abundance of trout. Besides the fish that are native to the region, the government has liberally stocked the streams with black-spotted, rainbow, Loch Leven, Von Behr, and brook trout, and with white-fish. These may be caught with hook and line, but not with traps or explosives. Here again the poachers are troublesome, and kill thousands of trout with dynamite, picking up the dead fish down the stream as their bodies come to the surface. Considering the fact that the neighboring country is thinly settled, the park is comparatively safe, but every village and city within a long radius of the government's property harbors a gang of game pirates whose business it is, for the purposes of gain, to prevent the successful accomplishment of the government's praiseworthy design.

The region of the Yellowstone has been known to white men for more than eighty years. It was first described by a Missourian named Coulter, who was one of the men of the Lewis and Clarke expedition. Coulter seems to have first discovered the cañon and the geysers in 1810, but his vivid account of the place and its horrors was given to the incredulous people of St. Louis, who irreverently dubbed the region "Coulter's Hell." The Indians—Bannocks, Mountain Crows, Shoshones, Blackfeet, and Sheep-eaters—were familiar with it before this. The Sheep-eaters alone made it a dwelling-place, and they, a diminutive and unwarlike race, sought its shelter against their more aggressive and courageous neighbors. The other tribes regarded it with superstitious fear, looking upon its boiling water and its spurting and thundering geysers as evidence that it was the home of the Bad Spirit. The vestiges of the Sheep-eaters—their old camp-fires and their burying-places—are still to be seen, for they dwelt among these mountains until recent years. For many years in the early part of the century adventurous white men travelled almost constantly within sight of the lands included in the park, but not one of them seems to have had any knowledge of their wonders; at least no one gave any account of them to the world.

It was not until 1858 that an exploration was determined upon by Lieutenant G. K. Warren, and it was then that Professor F. V. Hayden, in company with Captain Reynolds, was selected to carry on geological investigations in the region. For two seasons this party searched for the mystery of the Yellowstone, and did not find it. Nowhere on the continent was there such isolation. Party after party explored the passes of the Rocky Mountains; railroad lines to the Pacific coast were projected; peltries were purchased, and savage battles were fought under the shadow of the great Tetons, that are visible from several points in the park; Indians told stories of Nature's strange demonstrations within the charmed circle of these apparently impenetrable mountains, and while it was believed that their superstitions bred exaggeration, the curiosity of their listeners was piqued.

The failure of the Warren expedition was followed by a long rest, so far as the government was concerned, but in the mean time men were searching everywhere on the continent for gold, and prospectors visited the Yellowstone region hoping that there might be found something besides the geysers, the hot springs, the boiling mud, the sulphur ponds, that gave to the river in the southerly part of the present reservation the name of the River near the Stinking Water. These men penetrated the park and explored it. Their initials were found by the enterprising Mr. Norris, an early superintendent of the park, carved on the trunks of trees. But the visits of the prospectors added nothing to the knowledge of the world.

In 1869 Montana's Surveyor-General was H. D. Washburn, an intelligent and enterprising man. In the autumn of that year the first successful exploration was made. It was organized and conducted by Surveyor General Washburn. This party saw the Cañon, the Great Falls, the Lake, the Mud Geyser, and probably the Sulphur Mountains and the geysers of the Fire-hole River.

The success of this exploration led to Professor Hayden's first important expedition in 1871. This was thorough and interesting. The material obtained by this and subsequent investigations made by the geologists of the United States has been of great value, and has excited much discussion on both sides of the water. Since Professor Hayden's expedition of 1871 there have been numerous official explorations of the park. Some of these have been undertaken under the direction of officers of the army, but most of them by geologists connected with the government. The most thorough study of the region has been made by Mr. Arnold Hague, of the Geological Survey, who is preparing a report of his researches, which, it is hoped, will soon be published. In 1872 Congress passed a law reserving the region as a national park.

There are a number of passes through which the park may be reached, but altogether the most comfortable and satisfactory approach is from the north, by way of the Northern Pacific. The station on the road is Livingston, Montana. Thence a branch road runs to Cinnabar, and there the traveller is met by coaches of the Yellowstone Transportation Company, and is carried over a good road for eight miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. The accommodations for tourists in the park are ample, and the means for transportation excellent. The proprietors of the hotels and of the stage line are under the supervision and control of the government. The business of each is carried on by permission of the Secretary of the Interior. No business is supposed to be conducted within the precincts of the park except with a license of this character. The transportation company must keep their wagons and horses up to a certain standard, and there must be a sufficient number of vehicles to accommodate the maximum travel. That these conditions shall be fulfilled a bond is required. The hotels are owned and managed by a corporation known as the Yellowstone Park Association. The rates of charges permitted by the Secretary are reasonable. The hotel company believes the charge which it is permitted to make to be too low. It is certain that money has been lost every year, that the season—four months—is short, and that the long transportation of supplies makes them very expensive.

The trip in the stage-coach occupies a little more than six days. Cinnabar is reached at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and from there the passenger is carried eight miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel. This is the staging of the first day. The rest of that day is spent in looking at the hot springs and their wonderful and beautiful terraces near the hotel. This is a fitting introduction to the park, and is the mildest surprise which the tourist will encounter. The next morning the stage will start at eight o'clock, and by noon will be at Norris Basin, which is twenty-two miles almost due south from the Mammoth Hot Springs. Here is a lunch-place and some wonderful geysers and springs, which, however, are satisfactorily seen only by the energetic. Others look at them casually from the top of the stage as they ride in the afternoon to the Lower Geyser Basin, which is twenty miles further to the south. At the Lower Basin is the second hotel of the park series, and the second night of the trip is spent there. On the third day a ride of ten miles carries the traveller to the Upper Geyser Basin, where lunch is had, and the party returns for the night to the hotel of the Lower Basin. On the fourth day there is a ride of forty-six miles to the Yellowstone Lake. On the fifth day the journey is eighteen miles to the cañon, and on the sixth day it is thirty-four miles, passing again through Norris back to the Mammoth Hot Springs. One hundred and sixty miles have thus been made, twenty miles having been added to the journey by the lack of a hotel at the Upper Basin. The ride from the railroad station at Cinnabar is picturesque. The settlement is a frontier hamlet, whose inhabitants are of the kind that the military men of the park suspect whenever a new bison's head is found on exhibition at the shop of a taxidermist in Livingston. The train has run within sight of snow-capped mountains, and through fertile ranches and rich pasture-lands that border the banks of the tumbling Yellowstone. Now the wagon road passes through sage-brush land. In the plain that lies between the railroad and the hills that rise along the northern boundary of the park the Gardiner and the Yellowstone rivers unite, and from their point of contact the drive is along the west bank of the Gardiner through a very small village of that name, which exists largely for the preservation of the saloon, which in turn comforts the neighboring troopers and harbors the poaching trapper and hunter. The road gets between the hills once more when the invisible boundary line of the park is passed, and the scenery begins to be picturesque. The ascent is steep, the rise being a thousand feet in the eight miles from the railroad to the hotel. Below, the Gardiner runs swiftly on its way to the Yellowstone, and if the traveller leaves the new for the old road at the foot of the first long climb he will catch his first glimpse of a hot spring. Charming as it is, however, with the exception of this trifle of a hot spring and of an eagle's eyry far up upon a semi-detached column of rock, the road is like a hundred roads that one remembers amid the hills of New England, shaded by surrounding heights and accompanied by a rushing musical stream.

It is only when the great plateau at the foot of the Mammoth Springs is reached that the traveller realizes that he is in a strange country. On this broad plain of land, which bears herbage only after the most diligent coaxing and in imported soil, are the buildings that are permitted at this end of the park—the quarters and stables; the hotel and

the buildings connected with it and the transportation company; the house of Mr. Haynes, the official photographer of the Northern Pacific Railroad and of the park. Some of the dwellers have brought pine-trees from the hills and have tried to give some semblance of cultivation to the barren waste and to secure a little color for their front yards—it would be cruel irony to speak of lawns. Nothing seems to flourish here, however, except the cedar, and a few of these with twisted trunks and branches gather in groups here and there to emphasize the desolation that has been worked by the deposits from the hot springs.

And yet the scene from the broad piazza of the pleasant hotel is very attractive. Sometimes its interest is increased by the drill of a troop of cavalry, sometimes by the arrival and departure of the six and four horse coaches. But always there is the "formation" of the hot springs to the right and Mount Everts rising up 1200 feet on the left, the plateau itself being about 6400 feet above the level of the sea.

The whole region of the Yellowstone is volcanic, and the mighty forces have produced such strange results that scientific men have not yet ceased to make astonishing discoveries. From the southernmost end of Mount Everts for several hundred feet a basaltic cliff as perpendicular as the top of the Palisades of the Hudson, which it resembles, crowns the height. Below, the hill is buttressed by conglomerates which have been rolled into folds that in the distance are like soft creases of velvet with their subdued lights and deep black shadows. When the basaltic cliff ends abruptly at the north, the mountain is covered with drift, in which grows the stunted pine, the only tree that is seen in the interior of the park. The herbage that grows on this drift makes the mountain an excellent feeding-ground for game, and it is the resort of hundreds of mountain-sheep.

The tourist, however, does not come to the park to look at Mount Everts or to study its geological structure. He is there to wonder at the hot springs, and to spend the afternoon in wandering over the terraces which the steaming waters have constructed. The white desolation of the plain is caused by the deposits from the springs, and whole acres of what may have once been fruitful land have been covered by the barren stones and powders, which, but for the eruptive force of the hot water, would have fulfilled their destiny of remaining in the darkness of the earth's interior.

The deposits of the Mammoth Hot Springs cover an area of about three miles. The crest of the terraces is far above the level plain and the hotel. These terraces have been built up by the overflowing hot springs, which in this part of the park are calcareous. The two great terraces are the Minerva and Jupiter. Minerva Terrace is forty feet high, and covers about three-fourths of an acre. The spring of Jupiter Terrace is the largest on the formation—about one hundred feet in diameter. There are other interesting and curious objects to witness above these terraces, and it is here that one realizes that every one who has had anything to do with the nomenclature of the park has been oppressed by the feeling that there is a close connection between it and the infernal regions.

The best way to visit the terraces is to approach them from above. Curious products of the hot water are met with everywhere on the way from the hotel to the summit. First, there is the Liberty Cap, which stands alone in the middle of the white chalky matter that spreads out from the foot of the Minerva Terrace. It is probably the cone of an extinct spring or geyser; for these boiling and spouting waters build up their own cones. It is the gradual work of deposition going on continuously as long as the water rushes out from the hot rocks far below the cool and solid crust of the earth. As the power diminishes and the flow of the spring decreases, the cone is narrowed, and finally when the spring dies it shuts up its cone. This is one explanation of the Liberty Cap and of the Devil's Thumb, which is near it and like it, but very much smaller. The overflow of water, adding as it always does to the outer surface of the structure, has made the cap look as if it were composed of overlapping strata. The cone is more than fifty feet high.

As you mount over the glowing white dust, which is of the consistency of coarse pumice-stone, you smell strange smells and hear the bubbling of boiling water. You see the steam arising from the springs, and the water shining on the surface of the terraces. Soon you get into the pine woods, and if it is early summer you will be delighted, as you will be everywhere through the park, by the wealth of brilliant wild flowers. You will see a hog-back of incrustations and chalky deposits and fissures and faults, out of which rises steam, while warm blasts will strike you in the face. On your way down you will see an incipient geyser in which the force is just great enough to make a little larger bubbling than heated air will cause.

At length you will come to the top of the great Jupiter Terrace, and you will be surprised and awed by the strangeness and beauty of the place. You will see pools of the most translucent water, into whose depths it seems as though you might look a hundred feet, or, better still, as if it presented no greater obstacle to the vision than the clear dry atmosphere of the place. Then there is the boiling of the great Jupiter Terrace and the flowing away of the hot water from the central pool, and you will see how the terraces are formed—at least, if you are not scientific, but imaginative, you will make up your mind that you understand this process, and you will be content.

It seems as if the water ran away in the first place until it cooled a little, and the heavy particles held in solution by it, sinking to the ground, formed gradually a wall about it. And this wall keeps growing through the years. It is said that the water deposits material at the rate of "about one-sixteenth of an inch in four days." This statement is taken from the guide-book of the park, which was prepared by Mr. Haynes, who is a photographer and not a professional geologist, but who knows everything that has been written or said about the park, while the theories that he has accepted are probably as sound as those he has rejected. At any rate, the hot water goes on building up its own entrenchments, in semicircles and their modifications, and at the same time the water continues to dribble or run, as the case may be, over the solid rim, and its deposits build stalactites on the front and make other pools at the foot, which, in turn, build their walls and run over. So terraces seem to be formed. This explanation may not be in accordance with what geologists tell you, but it will satisfy the lay mind, and perhaps it will enable the reader who has only this text and the reproductions of the photographs to understand how the terraces look.

It is here that you will get the first satisfactory view of the wonderful coloring that abounds throughout the park. The water itself is of the deepest greens and blues. As it flows away from the pools the colors of the surface over which it passes change. You may watch a slender stream and will catch most pleasing effects. Under the ripples of the water you will see the waving of the slenderest thread-like particles like moving fillets of silk or half-softened fibrous crystal matter of a more solid substance. And in the centre, at one part, will be a delicate olive thread, and along the edges there will be a faint lemon-color. Where the water cools along the sides of the pools the color will deepen into warmer yellows, and the top of the rim will be a deep orange or a ruddy russet, and this will tone down into cooler shades, while everywhere where the water is hot, in the first narrow channel through which it makes its way from the pool or on the prominent projections on the surface of the terrace which it strikes with unabated energy, there will be no color, but there will be such shining white that the eye can hardly withstand its intensity. Inside the pools, and sometimes outside them, will be a glow of rose red, and this will deepen into purples, until at the bottom of the terrace, and reaching nearly to its top, the color will be a rich red-brown Words can convey only an inadequate idea of the wealth and harmony of the coloring with which nature has adorned these beautiful terraces; even the brush of the painter has not yet succeeded in adequately reproducing them.

For hundreds of years these hot springs have been issuing out of the earth from the rocks below through faults and fissures in the surface. No one can tell from year to year how the water will flow from them, for from different causes they change their direction, so that the terraces that they construct face variously; and where the water ran last year the surface is dry this year, and where the deposit was dry twelve months ago there is rippling water now. Once vegetation grew in the places where now there is nothing but a heap of powdered chalk; and the remains of trees, dead and hardened with a calcareous coating, protrude from the ghostly deposit that has killed them. The only vegetation now is that which flows down with the hot waters, and which gives their color to the terraces. Here, as everywhere in this country, the vandal finds his way, with his barbarous and active jack-knife and pencil—the man who has an insane longing to associate his meaningless name with the great places of nature and history and human achievement, who loves to write impertinent initials on the topmost beam of a high tower, to scratch a vulgar name on the window-pane in the bedchamber of Scottish Mary, or to desecrate a scene that impels the reverence of lofty minds with an intruding announcement that some one has come into its presence whose natural dwelling-place is among the cheapest and most commonplace surroundings. This carver and writer of his own inanity has not so free a hand as he enjoyed before the park was guarded by the soldiers of the United States army, for he is treated harshly by the military superintendent, who has great contempt for him, and who does not hesitate to express his displeasure in the most practical manner. Occasionally one of the vandals escapes the sharp eyes of the guardians of the park, although usually the tourist finds a soldier at his side when he approaches any of the wonders. It has been the custom of this creature to carve his initials on the front of the terraces, and to write his name in the liquid left in the pools after a geyser has been playing. Years after the writing in the water the name is legible and the pencil-marks are fresh, so slowly do the geysers build up their deposits. The Upper Geyser Basin is fifty miles from Fort Yellowstone, at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and Captain Anderson has sent back to rub out his inscription more than one person who has accomplished the desecration and made his way in apparent security to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel on his journey out of the park. The telegraph is the enemy of offenders the world over, and if a tourist travelling with a certain party, and in a stage belonging to the transportation company or some one else, camping in the woods or registering at the hotels, writes his name in a pool, he may be reasonably certain that the fact will be telegraphed to the post through which he must pass when his trip is done, and there he is very likely to meet an angry captain of cavalry—a captain who will hand him a rubber and send him back fifty miles under guard to erase the name. This is not an imaginative picture, and it is not a solitary case that is here recorded. Several name-writing lunatics have been treated to a dose of this Calif-of-Bagdad justice.

This year a most pernicious rascal has escaped, but if he ever confesses his offence and returns to the park it will fare hard with him. This particular vandal has committed the grossest act that has ever defaced a national wonder. He has selected one of the terraces richest in deep red color, and on its face he has insulted nature by carving in enormous letters the initials G. D., and in doing this he has given evidence that notwithstanding this is one of the closing years of the nineteenth century, there are still human beings capable of a depravity so contemptible that the savages who once occupied this region never dreamed of it. And this account of vandalism in the park, and of the punishment which Captain Anderson awards to the guilty, is set down here as a warning to those who need it, as many evidently do.

The visit to the terraces consumes an afternoon. The following morning at eight o'clock the stage starts on the tour around the park. From the hotel to the Norris Basin the road is very good, although, owing to the fact that the roads are all under the jurisdiction of an engineer officer whose office is at St. Paul, the work of repair was not begun early enough the present season, and much of the annual appropriation for the purpose is wasted in office expenses. For example, at the close of the last season there was a balance of $6000 available for road purposes in the park, but when the present season opened only $1500 of it remained; the rest had been expended on maps and salaries. Maps of the park are useful, but not nearly so much needed as roads. When the spring opened even this paltry $1500 was not put upon the roads, but paid out for the salaries and expenses of some civil engineers to enable them to find out what was to be done, although the superintendent and his officers knew precisely what was necessary, Captain Anderson having made a tour of the park as far as the snow would permit before the 1st of June, the day on which the season is supposed to begin. The result of this system is detrimental to the interests of the government. It is not only expensive, but it is inconsistent with the comfort, and even the safety, of the tourists who visit the park. After such a winter as that which prevails in this climate, with its heavy snows and the resulting overflow of the mountain streams, some of which, like the Yellowstone, the Gibbon, the Gardiner, and the Fire-hole, are large and turbulent, there must be serious wash-outs. Moreover, some of the roads run at the foot of hills of drift and loose disintegrated volcanic rocks, and the frost is certain to bear into the highway dangerous obstructions. There are boggy spots, too, that need careful overhauling every year, and all this work should be done as soon as the melting of the snow permits. But this year, at all events, very little had been done by the middle of June, and nothing at all on the most dangerous stretches of road. The engineer officer in charge had looked in at the entrance to the park, had even penetrated as far as the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, but had not gone beyond, and although the superintendent had made his way over the roads as far as he could travel, and had sent officers from time to time to examine the roads over which he had been unable to pass, his advice was not asked. On the contrary, a civil engineer was sent out from St. Paul at great expense to find out facts that were within the knowledge of an officer of the government, and therefore available at no additional cost to the engineer charged with the duty of making the roads passable.

All this results from the double-headed management that obtains throughout the park. First we have the Secretary of the Interior making regulations to be enforced by an officer who is under the direction and control of the Secretary of War, and then we have a captain of cavalry with general jurisdiction over the park, but a major of engineers who has sole charge of the construction and repair of roads. The inevitable result is occasional conflicts, and constant waste of energy, time, and money.

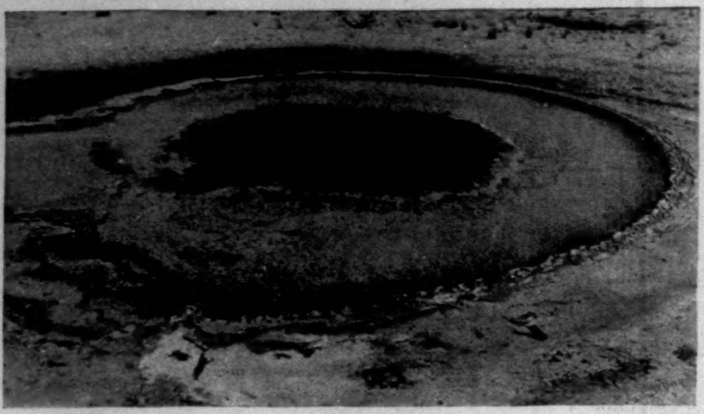
At the same time the engineers have done some admirable work. They have built roads in strange places, and have overcome natural obstacles with their usual cleverness. This is especially true of Lieutenant Chittenden, who has been transferred to other duties, after the inscrutable fashion of the government. When the roads are in repair they are excellent, although with the material in the park there is no reason why they should not be macadamized.

Considering, however, that the park is a wilderness, with little promise that it ever could be used for gain either by the farmer or the miner, the journey through it is delightful. The stage-coaches are those comfortable Concord coaches which are familiar to all who have travelled in the White Mountains—roomy, well built, easy, hung on leather springs. These coaches are unique among American manufactures. They have been built since 1813, and they have had no competition. The stage-coach is departing. The superintendent of the transportation company is Mr. S. S. Huntley, who has owned stage lines in Montana and the neighboring Territories for many years. He has carried passengers and the mails through Indian Territory when the bucks were on the war-path. One of his most distinguished stages was captured by the Nez Percés when Joseph made his journey through the park flying from the pursuing forces of General Howard. He has known what it is to have his property held up, and he sadly shakes his head and speaks of the old days with a tremor, although he is not an old man, but is yet young enough to reap some of the advantages of railroading. But he looks at his coaches in the Yellowstone Park, and tells you that there you see one of two disappearing American institutions, both of which are to be found only in the park—the stage and the bison. How the bison keeps up it is impossible to say, for no one is permitted to taste him; but the stage-coach service of the park is excellent, and the superintendent of the company is as accommodating and polite as he is sad and reflective.

The road from the Mammoth Hot Springs dips down from the plain into the valley of the Gardiner, and then runs away from it over a hill so steep that it seems impossible for the horses to pull the heavily laden coach to its summit. But there are many hills to be encountered in the stage-coach journey that are more formidable than this one. The road passes between two hills, Mount Bunsen and Terrace Mountain. Here is the famous Golden Gate. The trail runs along the edge of a precipice, at the foot of which, from 200 to 300 feet below, tumbles Glen Creek, breaking into a pretty series of cascades known as Rustic Falls. The rocks rise straight up from the road, which is an admirable example of engineering work. On the other side the hill shelves down to the water, and is crowned with pines. On both sides the gray rocks are covered with a bright yellow lichen, from which the place takes it name. The hills seem fairly to shine with color. The Gate is a column of rock left standing by the engineers. It is a striking bit in the scene; but a few weeks ago the representative of one of the highest achievements of modern science, a gentleman familiarly known as "Telephone Pete," showed his contempt for the small achievements of which nature is capable by planting a telephone pole directly in front of the solitary gate-post.

If the traveller is in his own party and can command his time he had better dismount from the coach after he has passed the Gate and climb Terrace Mountain, in order to obtain an idea of the topography of the park. The Northern Pacific Railroad has recently published a bird's-eye view of the park, and it strikes one on first looking at it that scant justice is done to the plains that must be there; but from the top of Terrace Mountain, which is reached by a very gentle climb, one obtains the same impression that is given by the chart—the impression of a region wrinkled and creased into a thousand hills. The park is set apart and is separated from the neighboring country by mountain ranges. To the northeast a succession of mountains join the Absaroka chain, and on the north and northwest is the Gallatin range. The Madison range and the Grand Tetons, the highest peaks of the Northern Rocky Mountains, are on the west and south.

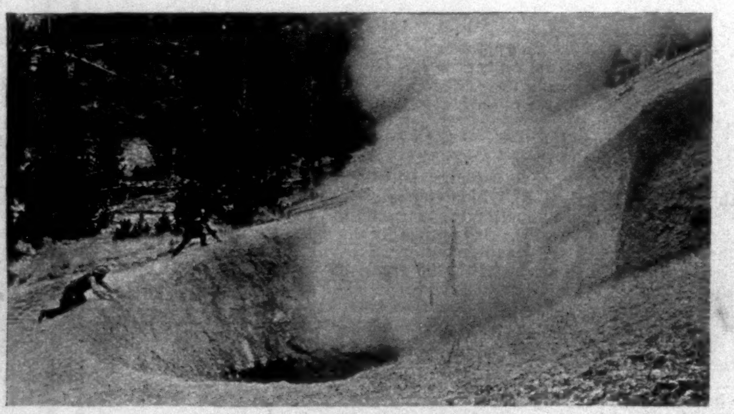
After leaving the Golden Gate the road passes over level plains and through pine forests. The landscape has a strange beauty, and is unfamiliar to one who has known nothing but the East. The pine forests alone are impressive. The absence of hard-wood trees and the miles of solitude are an interesting prelude to the more aggressive mysteries that are to be encountered later in the journey. The road runs straight south for a long stretch as directly as a railroad built on the plains, which has no occasion to dodge hills and other obstructions. At the end of the pass, between Bunsen and Terrace, is Swan Lake, a refreshing bit of cool blue water. The plain is covered early in the season by low red willow-bushes, which become a delicate green as the slow summer approaches. The plain has been a favorite feeding-ground for the elk, who, when the snow will not permit them to get at the herbage below, browse on these unsatisfying bushes. Far off the mountains rise along the northern and western border. On the north is the Electric Peak, more than 11,000 feet high, the principal elevation of the Gallatin range, white with snow. Its mineral deposits are so abundant and of such a character that in a thunder-storm the lightning plays around its head with startling brilliancy. On the west is Mount Holmes, named from the geologist of Professor Hayden's first survey, and there are Bell's Peak, the Quadrant Mountains, and the Bannock Peak. These are of the Gallatin range. Across the plain, part of which is named Willow Park, the road runs by a creek, and into this creek pour the Panther, the Indian, Winter, and other creeks, along whose pleasant banks the

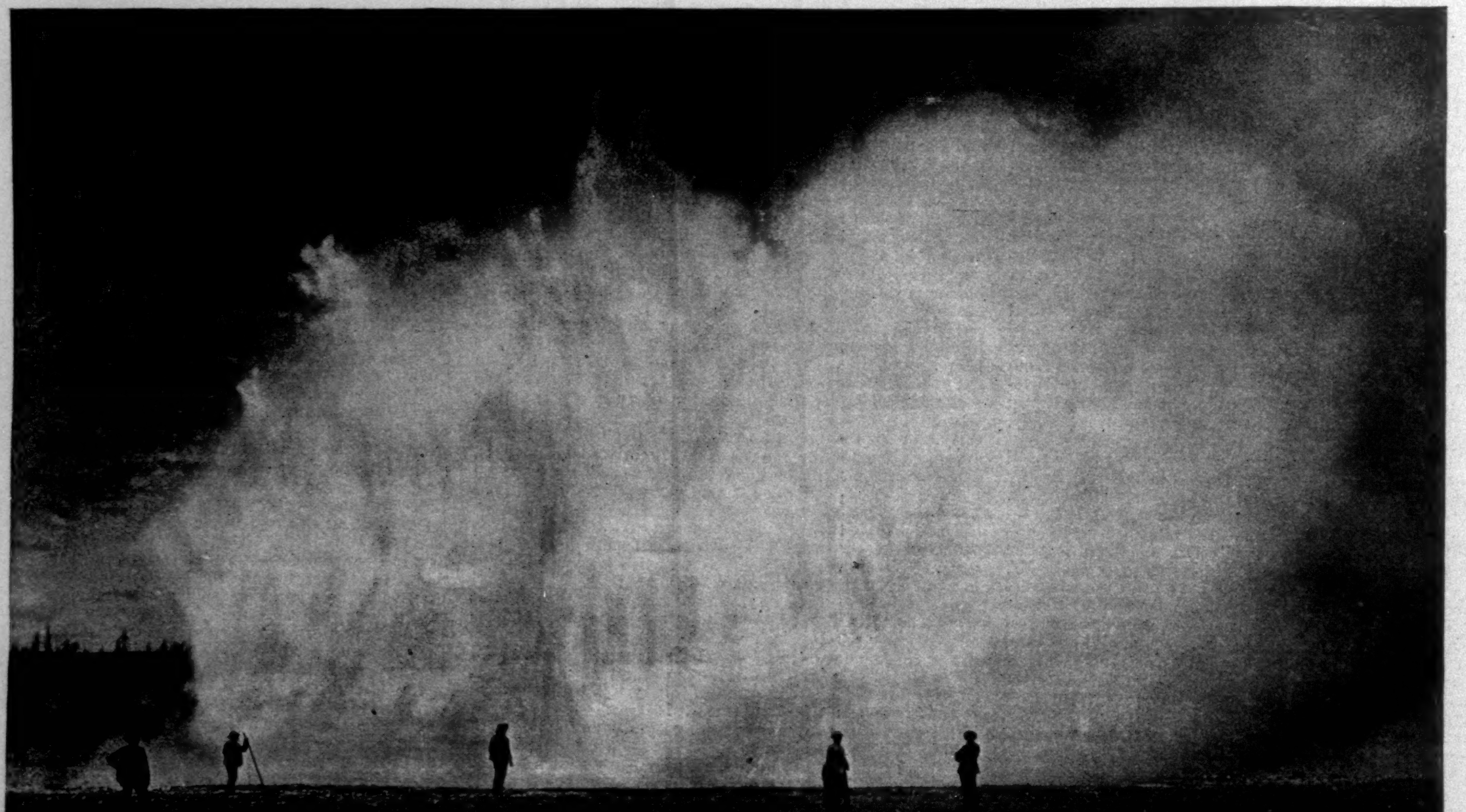

THE BEACH SPRING.

MORNING-GLORY SPRING.

GROTTO GEYSER CONE.

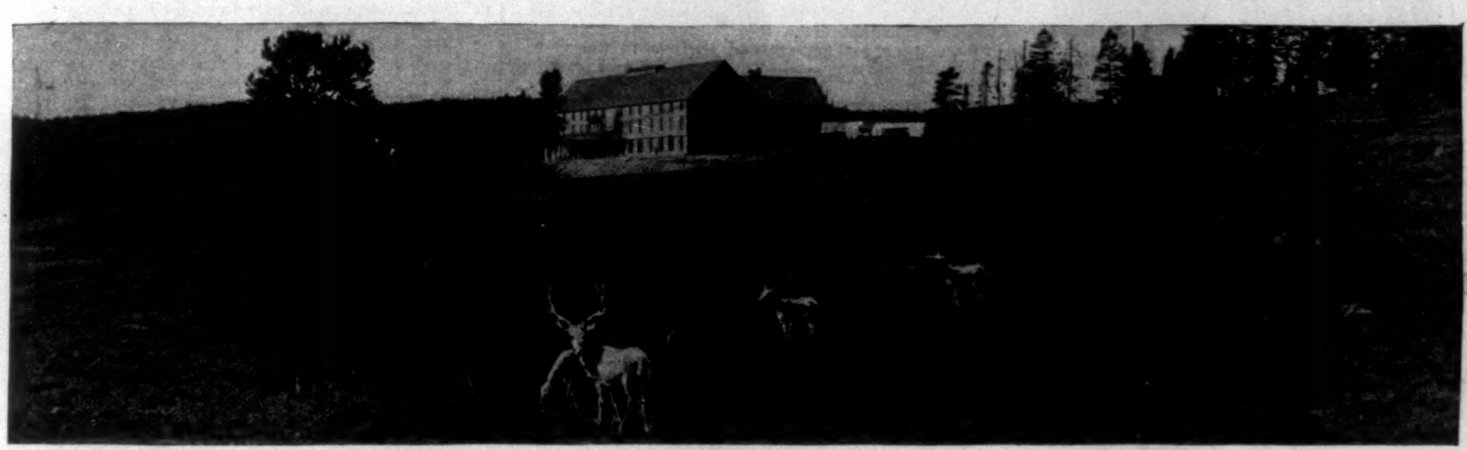
DEVIL'S WELL AND CASTLE CONE.


MUD GEYSER NEAR YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

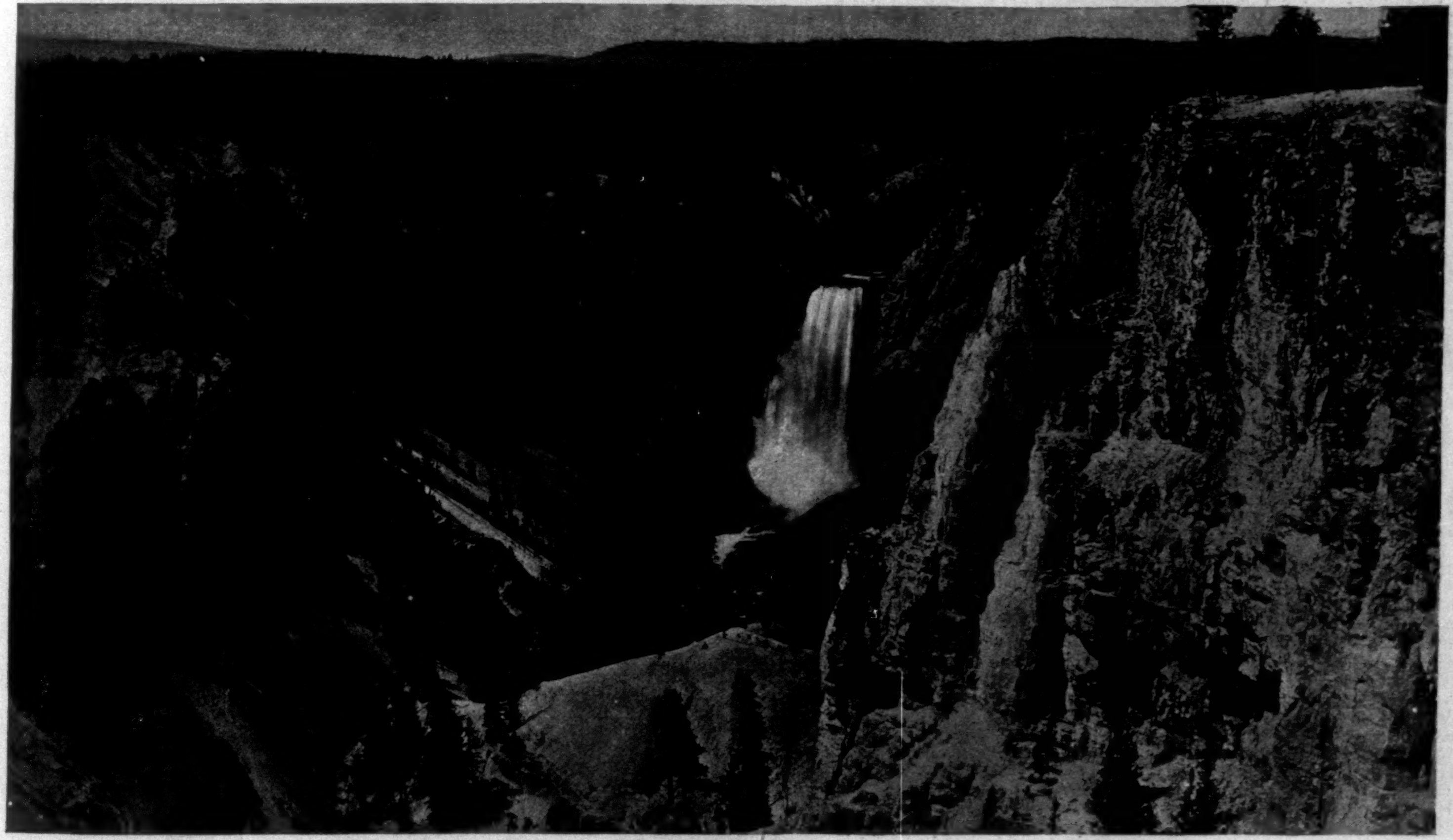

EXCELSIOR GEYSER.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES.

DOWN GRAND CAÑON FROM INSPIRATION POINT.



CAÑON HOTEL WITH ELKS IN FOREGROUND.



GRAND CAÑON, POINT LOOKOUT, AND GREAT FALLS.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—From Photographs by F. Jay Haynes.

herbage grows bushy and sweet, making good feeding-grounds for the browsing game.

Suddenly the road turns and winds at the foot of a strange cliff of shining black stuff streaked with red and yellow. It is obsidian twisted and transformed into glass by an intense heat. This cliff is built of blocks of black glass, and rises 250 feet. The road runs along its base for a thousand feet. The road is built of this glass, which has no transparency, and only shines as the sun strikes its black surface. The method of constructing the road was ingenious and noteworthy. Blasting-powder could not be used, so fires were built about the foot of the cliff, and when the glass was heated, cold water was thrown on it, and by the expansion and quick contraction the blocks were burst away. This was a favorite place for the arrow-making Indians, who left behind them in great abundance the chips from their workshops in the form of finished and unfinished arrow and spear heads.

Coming almost to the foot of this interesting cliff are the waters of the Beaver Lake, a long quiet pool. The beavers have dammed the lake in several places, and built their domelike houses in its waters; but the beaver seems to be the most difficult animal in the park to protect, and it is the belief of some that he is still disappearing. Captain Anderson, however, reports that there are signs that he is returning and increasing in numbers.

From this point there are occasional signs of nature's underground activity. There are road-side springs. One of these is called the Apollinaris, and its water has a taste very like that of the water of commerce after which it is called. It is near the point where this spring is situated that "Telephone Pete" had an adventure in which nature paid him in advance for his silent expression of opinion of the beauty of the Golden Gate. It was in the winter that this useful but unæsthetic person was making his way over the road on snow-shoes in the discharge of his duty as a line-man. The trees of these forests have a way of falling down very easily. There is very little soil in the park, and the trees have not much root. No axe is permitted to touch any tree that is not actually dead, and therefore the woods are encumbered with fallen trunks, and the road itself is so often obstructed by them that every careful driver carries an axe or a saw with him to clear his way. "Pete," pushing along on his snow-shoes, encountered one of these obstructions, and climbed over it, to find a mountain-lion and her two cubs on the other side. It was a frightful time for the telephone man, for the beasts played with him as if he were a mouse, approaching him with snarls and going off with grins. Whether they were afraid of this strange thing or merely replete with food is not known. "Telephone Pete" does not know. All that he could do, as he says himself, was to stand still and grow gray. He had no arms, for he had not obtained the necessary permission of the superintendent of the park to carry them. This story illustrates the nature of the animals that are found in the park. Their safety seems to have an influence on their characters and to have ameliorated their manners. Most of them will get out of the way of the solitary traveller, and even the bears are said to be gracious. Indeed, I have heard it remarked that the bull elk is perhaps the most ferocious and uncompromising beast in the preserve, and will yield less gracefully than anything that cannot kill a porcupine—which the elk can, and is probably proud of it. An officer of the army, whose word I have no reason to doubt, tells of a bear experience which will strike the denizens of civilization as strange. The bear was a silver-tip, uglier than a black, and very like a grizzly. In fact, between the two the line of demarcation is very slight. She was the mother of two as fine-looking cubs as ever were seen by this officer, who is experienced in cubs, for he has often captured them for the Zoological Garden in Washington. The old bear was trouting for the young. It was at one of the fingers of the Yellowstone Lake, if I remember correctly, that this incident happened. The lake was full of spawning trout—black with them, as the veracious fishermen say—and the bear was pawing them out for the youngsters. The officer was unarmed, and he thought to try an experiment. So turning over his horse to his companion, he made a break for the bear, who retreated slowly, while her cubs made for the top of a tree. She showed every inclination to be civil and conciliatory, and this officer believes that if he had had a man or two to attract and keep the attention of the mother, he could have captured the cubs without receiving any other harm than a few inconsiderable scratches.

It must not be concluded from this narrative that the bears who visit the hotels in the summer evening are courting the amenities of life, and are eager to increase their acquaintance with humanity. That is not true. What the bear likes about hotel life is the swill in the barrels, and he keeps himself fat and happy on it at the cost of the pigs. Another lesson is also taught by this incident. It is that the books are wrong when they say that black and some other bears cannot climb trees. There is no bear known in the wilds of America who cannot climb a tree faster than any boy who ever shinned his way into branches where cherries abound. Along the side of the road, leaning against a tree, one will catch an occasional glimpse of a rough ladder. The driver will tell the innocent that these ladders are "bear ladders," and are there for the use of tourists when bears attack a stage-coach. The tourists are to climb into the trees on them, and are to escape the fury of these men-destroyers. If the reader of this article happens ever to be a tourist in the Yellowstone Park, and a driver of a stage-coach tells him this story, he ought not to believe it, unless fiction is sweeter to him than truth, for if he does he will believe almost anything, and the driver will not hesitate to take advantage of his innocence. He will tell him, for example, when he comes to the bubbling springs known as the "Devil's Frying-pan," that the woods around it are full of boiled eggs, because when the birds drink of the water, the next eggs they lay are hard. It is by such tales as these that the drivers and other experts while away the hours of a long stage journey, and if they can secure a tourist who has faith in their stories the familiar monotony of the trip is greatly relieved, and their imagination highly stimulated. The Frying-pan, Roaring Mountain, the Twin Lakes—one of them a beautiful peacock-blue in color, and one higher than the other, the two being on the divide between the Yellowstone and the Missouri—are the most noteworthy objects between Obsidian Cliff and the excellent lunch station at Norris Basin, which is on a plain of sand on the banks of the Gibbon.

The Gibbon flows north and west around the spot on which is the bunch of tents where a genial Irishman, whose wit is refreshing to very tired persons, pours out good coffee. Within a short distance is the Norris Geyser Basin, to and over which the tourist who is wise will walk after he has lunched and will wait for the stage to catch up with him. This basin covers about six square miles, and there are a number of geysers, whose ineffectiveness will be apparent to one who has seen the greater examples at the Fire-hole Basins, but these are strange and startling to the novice. The road skirts along the ridge, and the steaming craters can be seen, the rumblings and roarings heard, and the sulphuric odors smelt from the coach; but whoever would really know what a "formation" is and what boiling springs and eruptive geysers are should walk over the crust. It will be an experience that has been enjoyed by comparatively few, that of walking on the shell formed by the deposits of hot water, and under which the water may still be heard bubbling. Frequently the surface will be covered with running streams of warmish water, and rubbers ought to be worn. Sometimes the crust will yield, and the traveller will break through a little, but there is very little danger and a good deal of interest.

Here there is a geyser known as the "Minute-man," or "Constant." It plays about every sixty-five seconds. Of course, when these intervals of time are mentioned, averages are meant. The "Minute-man" throws water to the height of from thirty to forty feet. A geyser plays like a fountain, and really is a fountain of boiling water. The power which throws the water out of the crater is not the same as that which sends the water out of an artificial fountain's mouth. It is not the pressure of a column of water coming from a greater height, or of a pump, but it is pressure—the pressure of steam generated by the great heat in the earth's interior There are various theories about geysers, and there are different explanations for the varying intervals between the spurtings of different geysers. This much is certain, however, that however or wherever the steam is accumulated or applied, there comes a moment in the case of every geyser when the column of water can no longer withstand the force below, and is thrown out, with whatever loose stones and other solid material may be carried by it, and this power is accumulated at longer or shorter intervals by different geysers.

As one walks on the crust of this formation one not only hears the constant bubbling of the water, but comes suddenly upon little openings, and one should be constantly on the lookout for these, for it would be far from pleasant to step in. The great geyser of the locality is the Monarch, which precedes and accompanies its eruptions with explosions. Its eruptions occur about twice in twenty-four hours. Here also is a mud geyser; and a mud geyser is a very nasty thing in appearance and in reality. It is a crater, generally a big one, which is filled with boiling mud of such a consistency and density that it is not thrown to any great height, but flops about, as it were, and occasionally rises to the edge of the crater. Its noises and its looks are disgusting, but decidedly interesting. The Black Growler is a big hole in the road, and emits steam, noise, and a sulphuric odor that make it a very disagreeable neighbor. There are other geysers and springs in the vicinity of minor importance. It is a weird region, and constantly reminds one of its volcanic origin by the steaming springs that are encountered at frequent intervals along the road-side.

The most interesting feature of Norris Basin in this year, 1893, is a big crater that has broken out along the edge of the road. Last year it was a little inconsiderable boiling spring. Last spring, however, this spring blew a great hole in the road, and now the crater is about 30 feet in diameter. The water, which boils briskly, is of the whitish-blue that may be observed in a wash-tub. The unexpected is always happening at the park, and those who dwell within it do not know, when the season closes, what they will find when the snow melts. The springs that flow in one place this year may be sending their water in another direction next year. And an insignificant spring may in a twelvemonth become a spouting geyser.

The road from the Norris Basin to the Lower Geyser Basin runs for a long distance through the Gibbon Cañon. Near its entrance are the Gibbon "paint-pots," a name given to a species of mud geyser or hot spring the material of which resembles white lead as it comes from the factory, before the painter thins it with his oil.

Through the cañon there are constant admonitions of the presence of hot water in the plumes of steam here and there. One of the most interesting of the phenomena of this part of the park the tourist generally takes for granted. On the top of Mount Schurz, 1000 feet above the rapid river by the side of which the road runs, there is a geyser basin, a basin of dead and expiring geysers. The cañon is very beautiful. Its bordering cliffs rise sheer from the river on one side and from the road on the other. The road itself is excellent witness of the skill of Lieutenant Chittenden as an engineer. The falls are fine, and the afternoon's drive from the Norris to the Lower Geyser Basin is full of pleasure. After leaving the cañon the road runs through a pine forest and up steep hills. From the top of the last of these, far off to the south, one catches a glimpse of three beautiful high peaks. They are the Tetons, 14,000 feet high, and 75 miles distant.

The hotel at the Lower Geyser Basin is one of the best in the park. Here in June the extraordinary climate of the park makes it impossible to sit out-of-doors after sunset, and the fire on the great hearth is welcome. Opposite the hotel is one of the great white formations, on the crest of which are the geysers and paint-pots. Dr. Hayden has catalogued 693 hot springs and 17 geysers in this basin.

The Fountain Geyser is the one of this neighborhood that most interests tourists, for its eruptions can be plainly seen from the piazza of the hotel. It is not an important, but it is an interesting geyser. It plays every two or four hours, according to the state of the water. Its eruptions are most frequent in the spring when the snow is melting and the surface water is abundant.

The progress of an eruption can be very closely observed at the Fountain, and the tourist who is content with watching the eruption from the hotel makes a serious mistake if he is in search of information about geysers. There is a pool adjacent to this geyser which is connected with it. When the pool and the crater of the geyser are full of water, it is time for the fountain to play. At first the geyser will throw the water in the middle of the crater a few feet into the air. This will be repeated several times, and the spectators had then better go to the windward side. At length there will be a more violent spurt, and finally there will be a mass of shining white water thrown to the height of twenty feet, with occasional pulsations reaching three times that height. The fountain plays for a quarter of an hour, and then the column of water begins to fall. It sinks gradually, spurting now and again, and at length disappears, leaving only the steam rising from the crater and streams of water flowing over the surface of the formation. The crater and the pool are both empty, and one can look far down into the black shadows of the former. Presently the water from a reservoir in front of the crater begins to flow back into it, the geyser and the pool gradually fill up once more to the brim, and when this process is completed there is another eruption.

The most remarkable paint-pots in the park are in the neighborhood of the Lower Geyser Basin. The basin of these paint-pots measures about forty by sixty feet, and the mud rim around it is several feet high. The tourist looks down into a caldron of mud heated to the boiling-point. Most of it is of the purest white, and all of it, as it is aptly described in the guide-books, "plops" as the air-bubbles are made by the heat. This "plopping" produces curious results. The thick paintlike substance is thrown into various shapes. Now it is like the round boss, the usual carpenter's ornament at the junction of the lintel and the top of the door-frame; now it is a conventional geometrical ornament; now a rose, or a tulip, or a lily, or some other flower. Now the basin seems to be making curious faces at the spectators. It is a most absorbing place, and often a spectator, even one who has experienced the thoughtlessness of others and witnessed the results of carelessness, will walk into the hot mud, to the ruin of his boots, or with much more serious and painful results. An interesting feature of the place lies in the variety of color. The white tones into a delicate lemon-color, while one side of the basin is a most delicate rose-color.

Near the Fountain is an interesting region to which the regular tourist road does not extend, because the way there is unsafe. Here is a very powerful geyser, known as the Great Fountain, and a number of springs, in one of which there is the skeleton of a mountain-buffalo.

The basin is near the Fire-hole River, which, uniting with the Gibbon, forms the Madison, one of the sources of the great Missouri. The road from the Lower Basin leads along the Fire-hole, and within a short distance on the way to the Upper Basin passes the Midway Basin. Opposite the old road is a bank somewhat elevated above the stream, and this bank is made of "formation." Streams of hot water flow steaming down the sides and into the river, and the banks are colored by brilliant reds and orange and by more delicate tones and shades. A foot-bridge a plank wide leads from one side to the other.

This formation is known as "Hell's Half-Acre." The great object is an immense pit about 400 feet in length and 250 feet in width. The surface of the water in it is from fifteen to twenty feet below the top of the opening. There is constantly rising from it an immense volume of steam, but now and then the wind blows rifts in this cloud, and one can see that the water below is a brilliant blue. Ten years after this pit was described by Dr. Peale, one of Professor Hayden's associates, in 1881, it was found to be a very powerful geyser.

The eruption of 1881 began in the autumn. The height of the stream varied from 95 to 250 feet, and the display is described as magnificent. The body of water thrown from such a large crater to such a height is enormous, and with the outpour of water large stones were hurled from the opening to a long distance from the geyser. The next eruption occurred in 1888, and continued through the following winter. The author of the park guide-book, who has been an eye-witness of the eruptions of this splendid geyser, thus describes an event which is a most important phenomenon in geyser history:

"Immediately preceding an eruption a violent upheaval occurs, raising the entire volume of water in the crater nearly 50 feet, when instantly one or two, and sometimes three, terrific explosions occur, followed closely by the shooting upward of columns of water, and oftentimes masses of rocky formation, to the height of 200 to 250 feet. Tons of rock have in this way been hurled into Fire-hole River, some pieces fully 500 feet from the crater, while specimens may be seen scattered all about the vicinity. At each upheaval sufficient water escapes to raise Fire-hole River several inches."

The formation is very old, and is worn away by the rushing overflow from the geyser. In one place where this wearing away has taken place there are buffalo tracks in the formation which were evidently made centuries ago. While the eruption is in progress other geysers in the vicinity are inactive, the Fire-hole River rises, and the Turquoise Spring in the neighborhood of the Excelsior is exhausted. When the eruption is over the water sinks in the crater to a low level, and the crater itself is found to be enlarged. A new eruption is expected to take place soon, for the pool is full and its waters are flowing over the formation in gentle ripples. It was in this condition just before the eruption of 1888.

The water of the Turquoise Spring is a beautiful blue. A freak of nature in this immediate locality is a spring of cold water very near the Turquoise.

The most beautiful thing in this formation is Prismatic Lake. It is a great pool of about the size of the crater of the Excelsior. Its waters in the centre are a deep blue, and then a fresh green. Along the shallow edge they become light yellow and orange, while the edge of the pool itself shows all the colors which are seen in this remarkable region. Steam rises constantly from the surface of the lake, and sunshine breaks into rainbow colors in it. The rim of the pool is low, and the water overflows it, building up small terraces after the fashion of the Mammoth Hot Springs.

Now the tourist is near the great geyser region—the greatest geyser region in the world. The formation opposite to him, rich in color and full of steam plumes, is only the beginning. As he rides along the road to the Upper Geyser Basin he passes strange expressions of Nature's power. By the road-side are hot pools and springs and active geysers. First there is the Morning-glory Spring, whose top not only is in the form of the mouth of the flower from which it is named, but it carries the likeness down into its depths, and presents to one looking into it the very form of the blossom. The water is clear and a most delicious green, while round the lips of the basin it is orange-colored. This is true of many of the springs in this basin and of the water of some of the great geysers. Near the spring are the Fan and Mortar geysers, and as the road crosses the river after passing these, the River-side is seen to the left. From here on the ride is over the formation and past geyser after geyser, many of which have constructed from their deposits grotesque craters that increase the uncanniness of the region.

There is now no hotel at the Upper Geyser Basin. Congress in its unwisdom has passed a law forbidding the construction of a hotel within a quarter of a mile of a geyser. There is absolutely no reason for such a law, and its existence on the statute-book must be charged to the account of some one who was interested in not having a hotel at this point. The distance from the Lower Basin Hotel to the building which was a hotel until the Secretary of the Interior discovered that he must enforce this law, but which is now a lunch station, is ten miles, and the programme used to

make the ride a day's journey. Tourists were thus enabled to spend a whole day in this important spot, to see its curiosities with comparative comfort and at leisure, and to start thence on the following morning for the longer ride to the Yellowstone Lake. But the wisdom of Congress ordered differently, and this year no one is permitted to sleep at the Upper Basin, but must journey back to the Lower Basin Hotel, doing over the ten miles travelled in the morning. Then on the next day the stage goes over the road again, and the trip to the lake is forty-six instead of thirty-six miles.

From the porch of the little lunch-house the tourist sees a strange sight. To the right and front of the house, across a little interval of verdure and pine-trees, there is a great plain of formation which is seemingly covered with active geysers. From one end to the other are waving feathers of steam, while now and then one of the hot fountains shoots its column of water high in the air. There are twenty-six geysers and 400 hot springs in the basin. It is a wonderful place. Vegetation has ceased to exist. The barren contents of the earth's interior have been spurted out and have covered and killed the soil. It is a great extent of white, brown, and black desolation. Here and there are skeleton trees, dead and hardened with the deposits that cover the surrounding country. Lord Dufferin has said that the place gave him the impression of some modern city that had been overwhelmed and "had so lately sunk amid flames into the bowels of the earth that the smoke of its ruins was still ascending through heaps of smouldering ashes"; and Professor Whitwell has said: "Nowhere else, I believe, can be seen on so grand a scale such clear evidence of dying volcanic action. We seem to witness the death-throes of some great American Enceladus."

The geyser that is of most interest to the tourist is naturally that whose eruptions are most regular, and can therefore be depended on. This is Old Faithful, that, beginning after the manner described in speaking of the Fountain Geyser, throws a column of water straight into the air to the height of about 150 feet. The most noteworthy attribute of this geyser is its regularity. By actual and careful observation it has been found that the eruptions occur at an average interval of sixty-five minutes.

This geyser is on the left bank of the Fire-hole. On the opposite bank is the Beehive, which throws a stream more than 200 feet high. This is one of the few geysers that do not throw out any rocks, while the water is so hot that it evaporates in the air. It is safe, therefore, to observe it close at hand, while the absence of overflow leaves it without terraces at its base, which are characteristic of Old Faithful and other geysers. The Giantess, which is very near the Beehive, is a very powerful geyser. Its eruptions occur after intervals of about fourteen days, and continue with slight interruptions for about twelve hours. Rumblings, roarings, and earthquake shocks accompany its breakings out, while the Beehive, 300 feet distant, is affected by its activity.

This fact suggests the theory of a subterranean connection between the geysers, and affords an opportunity for the imaginative stage-driver or other native to play upon the credulity of those who have not ceased to have faith in Yellowstone humanity. For example, it is to be recorded that one most excellent and worthy driver of horses once took advantage of a travelling Englishman for his own amusement and for the glory of his country's geysers. The Englishman was told that if he threw his handkerchief into Old Faithful the geyser would restore it to him laundered. The Englishman risked his handkerchief, and the geyser did its part, but the Englishman did not see that the driver had slyly picked up the handkerchief, and that evening pretended to find it ten miles away at the Fountain, after the Englishman had witnessed one of its eruptions. It is thus that scientific truth is distorted, to the bewilderment of the unwary.

The Giantess plays in a manner of its own. At the first every particle of the sparkling blue water in its crater is forced out, and then water and jets of steam are thrown up from 60 to 100 feet. After this is over there is an hour of steam and roaring.

The geysers on this elevation seem innumerable. The Sponge is a small geyser, but it has constructed a crater of the form, texture, and color of the sponge. The Lion and Lioness are two large geysers, and the two cubs are two smaller ones that play frequently. The four are grouped together. The Grand is one of the finest geysers of the park, and there is some evidence that it is connected with the Excelsior. The Turban is its near neighbor, and sometimes the two play together. The Turban's hot water is in a state of great agitation after an eruption, and flows into the crater of the Grand. The Giant is another great geyser, and plays about every six days. It throws an immense column of water 250 feet high.

The Splendid is one of the most important and interesting geysers in this group. It plays every other day, and then at intervals of three hours. It is a noisy steaming geyser, and its waters boil constantly. The great stream of water 150 feet high which it hurls out at its eruptions at an acute angle from its coneless crater is beautifully iridescent in the afternoon sun.

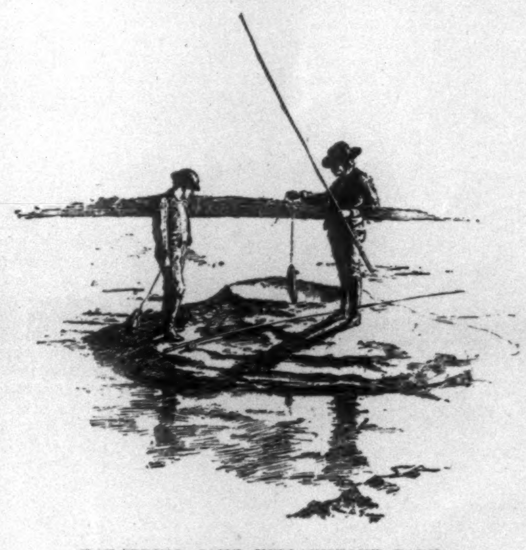
Nearly as interesting as the geysers are the cones which many of them have constructed, curious and grotesque, and some of them of a considerable elevation. The Splendid has no cone, and the many fissures, all craterlike in their appearance, make it doubtful from which one of them the column of steam and water is thrown. But most of the geysers build craters. That of Old Faithful is an irregular mass of coral-like formation, and away from its base falls a succession of slight terraces. In the pools standing on these terraces the vandal tourist loves to write his name, where his folly may be witnessed for many years. The Castle cone is a huge structure seemingly battlemented. One side, however, is a gentle slope up which it is easy to climb for the purpose of observing the interior structure of a geyser crater. But the crater that affords the best opportunity for this kind of study is that of the Oblong, which is large. The texture and forms of the outer rim are characteristic, while the water, when the geyser is not in operation, is so clear that one can see very far into the crater's depths.

It is impossible within the scope and intention of such an article as this to describe all that is to be seen at the Upper Geyser Basin. The tourist will only regret that the itinerary permits so few hours at this interesting place. There are wonders other than geysers in the basin. Not very far from the hotel is the Devil's Punch-bowl, a richly colored basin holding a mass of boiling water; and near this once active geyser is the Black Sand Spring, whose beautiful blue waters ripple over the formation, depositing a most bewildering variety of colors. There is no such spot in all the park for concentrated color, varying from the rich red-browns to delicate pink, and from an orange violent in its intensity and forming in large veins, to delicate cream-color. The overflow from the spring has covered a large area with brilliant and delicately colored masses of deposits. The dead trees are covered with the silicious deposits, and by cutting down below the surface the most beautiful specimens of the action of this water can be obtained. The cutting, however, is now prohibited. A detachment of troops is maintained at every point where there are objects of interest, and the tourist generally finds a soldier at his side or in his immediate vicinity when he is betraying any unusual interest in deposits that are capable of mutilation. It is the business of the soldier to preserve the integrity of nature.

All the pools and springs and many of the crater waters are of beautiful greens and blues, and one pool near the Black Sand Spring is so green that it is called the Emerald. Many of the springs are funnel-shaped. This is true of the Morning-glory and some of the craters, so that far down at the point to which the sides converge is a black hole—so black, so far down, as to seem an opening into a region of which the average man does not care to think.

Beyond the Upper Geyser Basin the road goes to the westward, and runs to the West Bay, or the "Thumb" of the Yellowstone Lake. This is the largest body of water on the continent at so great an altitude—7788 feet above the level of the sea. To the south of the road lies the Shoshone Lake, around whose shores are other geysers. Farther off to the south are the Tetons, of which occasional glimpses are caught from high hills and through the forest trees. The Kepler Cascades are passed, and the Lone Star Geyser, the last shooting geyser that will be seen by the tourist during the trip. The "Thumb" is eighteen miles beyond the Upper Geyser lunch station, and is the lunching-place of the day's ride to the Yellowstone Lake hotel.

The journey to the Lake Hotel, eighteen miles distant, may be made either by coach or water. A steamer, the *Zilla*, plies the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water, and on its borders the whole season may be comfortably spent. The region is not without its wonders. On the margin of the lake are paint-pots and hot springs. One of these is so near the water that a fisherman may catch his trout in the lake and cook it in the hot spring without changing his position. The hotel at the lake is one of the largest and best of the great caravansaries, that have been built by the association for the comfort of so many guests



HOT-SPRING CONE, YELLOWSTONE PARK.
Catching Trout in the Lake and Cooking them on the Hook in the Hot Spring.

that all their rooms are rarely occupied at the same time. The trout in the lake are abundant. There are small boats, in addition to the steamboat. This is the one point in the park where there is an outfit for a prolonged stay, and where there are joys beyond the pleasure of looking at the freaks of nature.

Near this part of the lake is the Hoodoo Region. It is not on the road and is not easily accessible, but there are other though less momentous hoodoos in the park, and the tourist will see some modified forms of the grotesque action of heat on the rocks in the ride from the Cañon Hotel back to the Norris Basin.

The road from the lake to the Cañon Hotel passes the Mud Geyser, the most disgusting object in the park. It is a black forbidding growler, and as you look down into its crater there is a sudden upheaval of the ugly mass as if the boiling substance were about to be hurled at you from some invisible power in the depths below. The other object of especial interest is the Sulphur Mountain, a mass of buttes 150 feet high, the principal ingredient of which, as is evidenced both by the appearance and odor of the rocks lying on its surface and at its base, is that from which it takes its name. Off to the west of these odious elevations lie the pleasant slopes of Hayden Valley, which, geologists tell us, were once covered by the waters of Yellowstone Lake; and that being so, it may be that those waters which now drain through the Yellowstone and the Missouri into the Gulf of Mexico may once have joined the streams that make their way to the Pacific. That, however, is a question for those who make it their business to study geology; for the ordinary tourist it is merely something to occupy a stray moment of his time while he is approaching the most beautiful object of inanimate nature that he has ever beheld, and which has been fittingly reserved as the last on the tour; for although there are more than thirty miles of road between the Cañon and the Mammoth Hot Springs, all but twelve of them are those over which the tourist rides on his first morning in the park.

The road follows the Yellowstone River from the lake to the beginning of the Cañon. With the exception of the geysers, the Sulphur Mountain, the steaming vents of dead and alive hot springs, the ride is through endless miles of pine forest. So dense are the shadows and so lofty the elevation that snow lingers here until late in June, and sometimes the roads between the Upper Geyser Basin and the lake, and the Cañon and the lake, are impassable for the coaches of the transportation company until nearly the beginning of July. If the government would cut the timber back from the road in these places for a hundred feet or so it would greatly advance the season of travel. As it is, the tourists who enter the park on the opening day, or at any time within two or three weeks after, are very likely to find that they cannot take the full trip, and that they must leave the park without seeing the lake. A very trifling destruction of trees would greatly enlarge the area of the sun's energy, and would make the roads passable several days sooner than they are now. The snow lingers longest on the eastern side of the road, which is shaded from the morning sun by the high, thick-growing pines. Sometimes the wheels on one side of the coach will raise a cloud of dust, while those on the other side will be up to the hubs in snow.

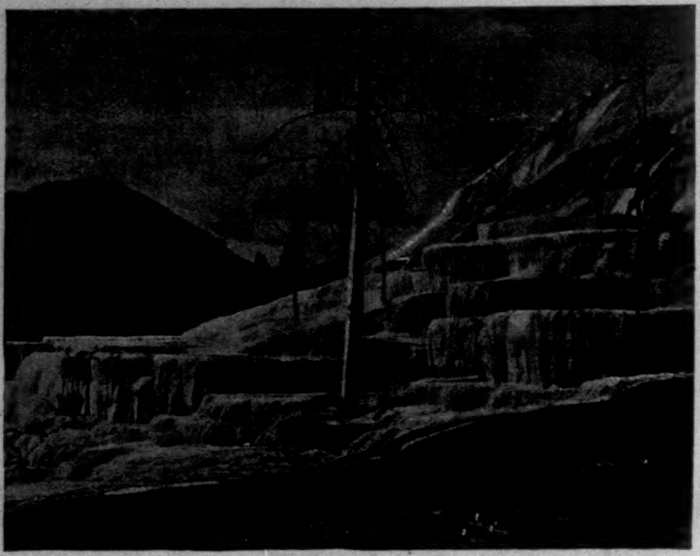
As it approaches the cañon, the river tumbles over cascades and twists and turns around pine-crowned banks. Great rocks stand up here and there in the middle of its swift-running floods, and pines grow out of their barren tops. There is something strange and inexplicable about these Rocky Mountain pines. They grow straight and high, with needles only a trifle longer than those of the common spruce that is planted for hedges and ornament in the East. They seem to need very little nourishment. They have hardly any roots, and most of these are exposed. Occasionally they grow out of rocks in which apparently there is not a particle of soil, and yet they grow in cliffs and in other exposed places where the strong winds of winter wrestle with them ineffectually. They are so thick that you can see only a little distance into the forest, where, although there is a large number of fallen trunks, there is not a vestige of underbrush.

At length the road passes within hearing of the lower falls, and the tourist obtains a glimpse of the white rushing waters. Then a bridge is crossed at the Crystal Falls, and on the right is caught the first glimpse of the Cañon. As the horses toil up the steep hill to the hotel the traveller gets his first impression of this wonderful result of heat and erosion. Below him dashes the river, and the gorgeous cliffs rising from the brink reveal amid the growing timber a promise of coloring that is to be abundantly fulfilled. It is beyond the hotel that the Cañon lies, and the way to it is a trail through the thick woods. Suddenly you come upon it. It is probably the most splendid gorge in the world. If there is anything richer in coloring, there is no record of it. There are other gorges and cañons higher, longer, and more terrible. This gorge does not frown. The orator who spoke of this frowning chasm was lost in the verbal traditions of his craft. This gorge is bright and beautiful, and its dizzy heights are not frightful. There is a passage quoted in the guide-book in which the writer describes himself as holding to the shelf-like rock from which he was looking at the scene. There is no possibility of such a feeling. A man with a large talent for unsteadiness on high places was once so frightened by this harrowing description that he feared he would have no pleasure at the Cañon, but when he reached Point Lookout he was reassured, and he discovered that even Inspiration Point was possible.

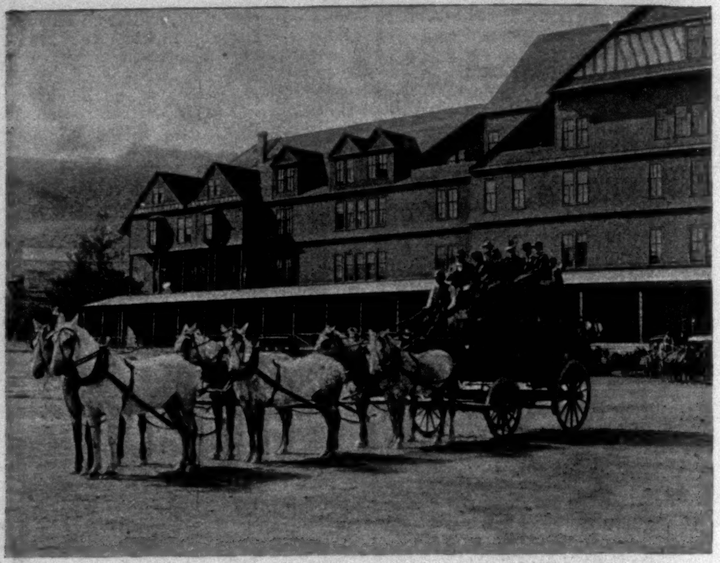
No one can describe the Cañon. It is bright and beautiful, and that is all that language is capable of. Thomas Moran has painted two pictures of it, and his fidelity to the coloring of the rocky walls amounts to genius, but even he is inadequate. On Inspiration Point you look down 1500 feet to the river, a slender stream of green and white—really a broad stream with rapids, and even falls—and you look back and see the Great Falls, white and threadlike; really you are looking back three miles at a cascade nearly 100 feet wide and 360 feet high. From Grand View, which is between Inspiration Point and the Great Falls you look at the beautiful Point standing up sharply against the sky, so sharp that it seems impossible that it could support a human foot, and just below it is a group of pinnacles stretching downwards towards the ghostlike river, which looks so noisy and is yet so silent. And everywhere is the color. There is a column of deep and even Pompeiian red, and there are hundreds of acres of solid browns. There are great veins of ochre and milder yellows. There is the rich orange of which nature in these wilds seems so fond. There are borders of bright reds, and suddenly here and there the deeper color ends, and the eye is struck by a great mass of what seems like dazzling white, but which on closer observation tones down into lavender and rose pinks and creams and olives.

Here and there the walls are sheer, and at other places they shelve to the water's edge. Down at the bank no human foot has ever trod. A venturesome person has been let down by a rope, and some one who must be the prince of vandals proposes to put in an elevator, which might deface a beautiful view, it is true, but which would be "a great convenience to tourists." There is a silence brooding over all this beauty that one can feel, and that is now and again intensified by a single bird-note. Far down from the heights on which you stand, or from the trail along the edge of which you ride, you look into eagles' nests that are built on lofty detached columns, and you catch glimpses of the great carrion-loving bird wheeling about in the high spaces between the Cañon's walls. Day after day you can go to this wild place, and sitting far up on the heights, look and look and glut your eyes, and speak not a word to the comrade who may be sitting by you. And days after you have gone away you will think on the entrancing beauty, and wonder why you ever turned your back upon it.

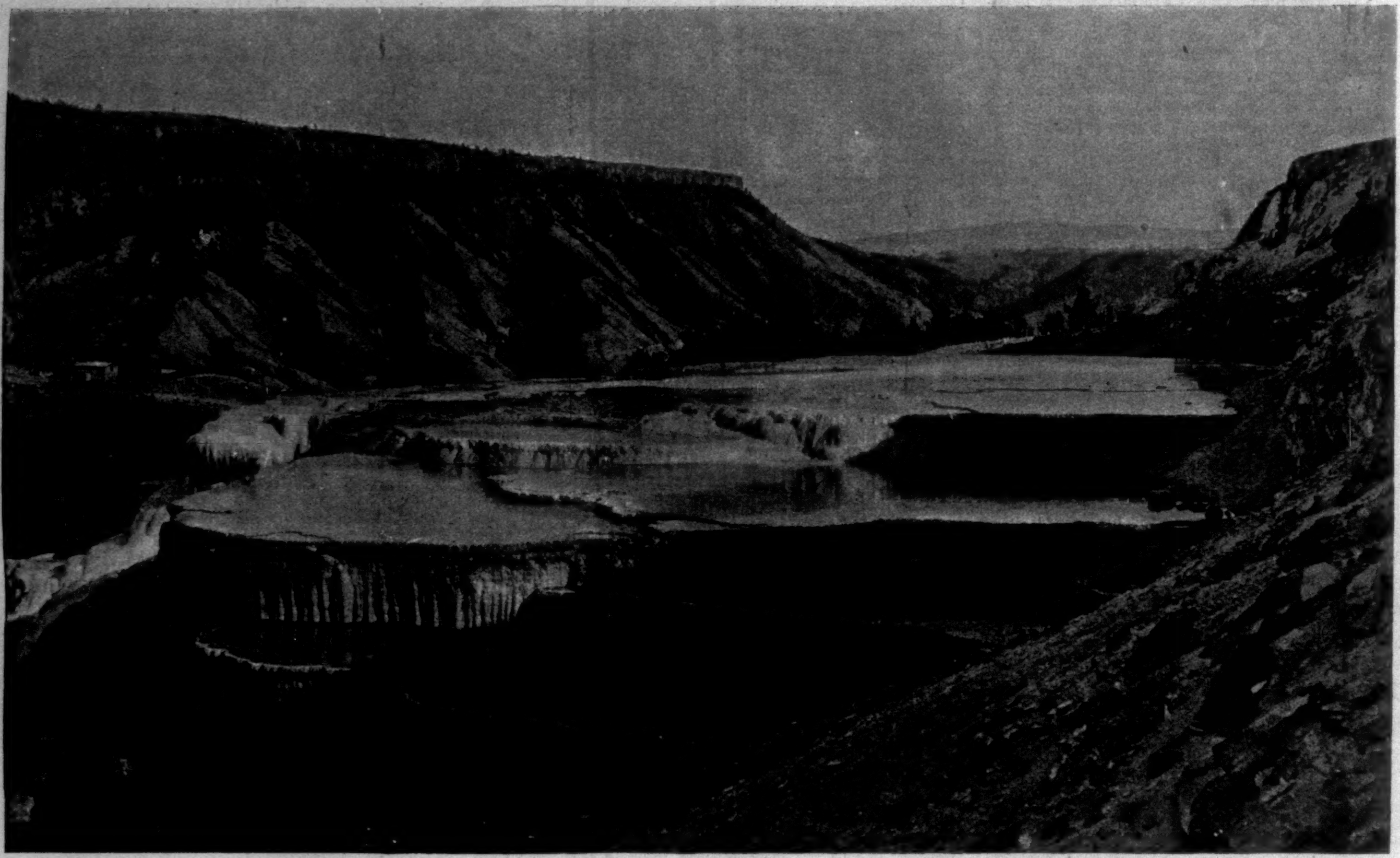
This, in brief, is a suggestion of what one may see by going to the Yellowstone Park. It ought to be known throughout the country, for it is the most interesting and in some respects the most beautiful region within our borders. Its wonders have long been a theme for science, and its treasures have long excited the cupidity of men, who have sought to intrude upon it to their own advantage. It is just about ten years ago that a hotel company tried to invade it for the purpose of transforming it into a resort for sportsmen as well as pleasure-seekers; and they probably would have succeeded if it had not been for the energy and determination of Colonel John Schuyler Crosby, who was then Governor of Montana, and of General Sheridan and Senator Vest, whom he aroused to a sense of the danger that was threatening the region which they had both enjoyed. A new attack is now threatened in an effort to cut off from the park those parts that are in Montana and Idaho. The specious plea is that the boundaries of the park would then be made coterminous with the boundaries of Wyoming, and a strip along the eastern side in Wyoming is to be taken in. This change or segregation of the park should be resisted. It is sought to sever the northern border of the park because game feeds there in winter. It is a poacher's move, that is all; but such moves may be expected as long as the park remains a game preserve, and its defence lies in the increase of popular knowledge concerning it and the wonders it encloses.



PULPIT TERRACE—MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

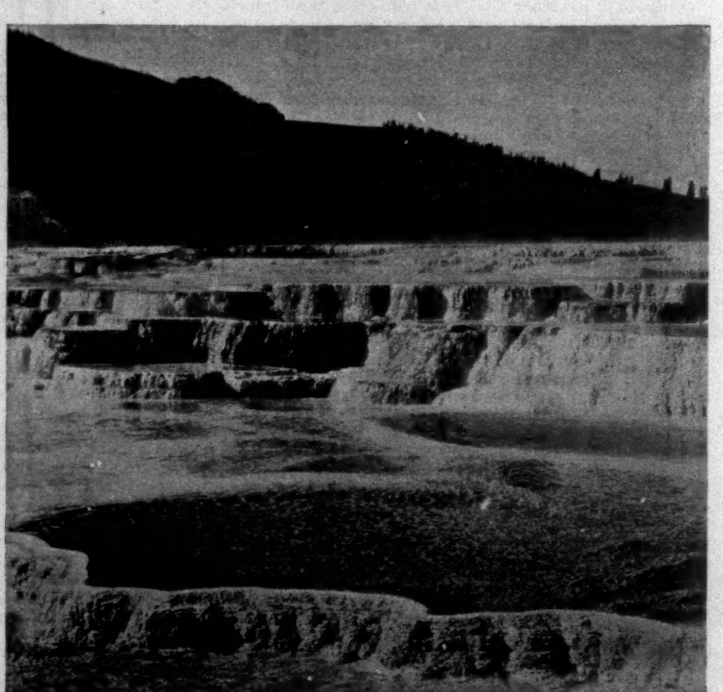


HOTEL AND STAGES—MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.



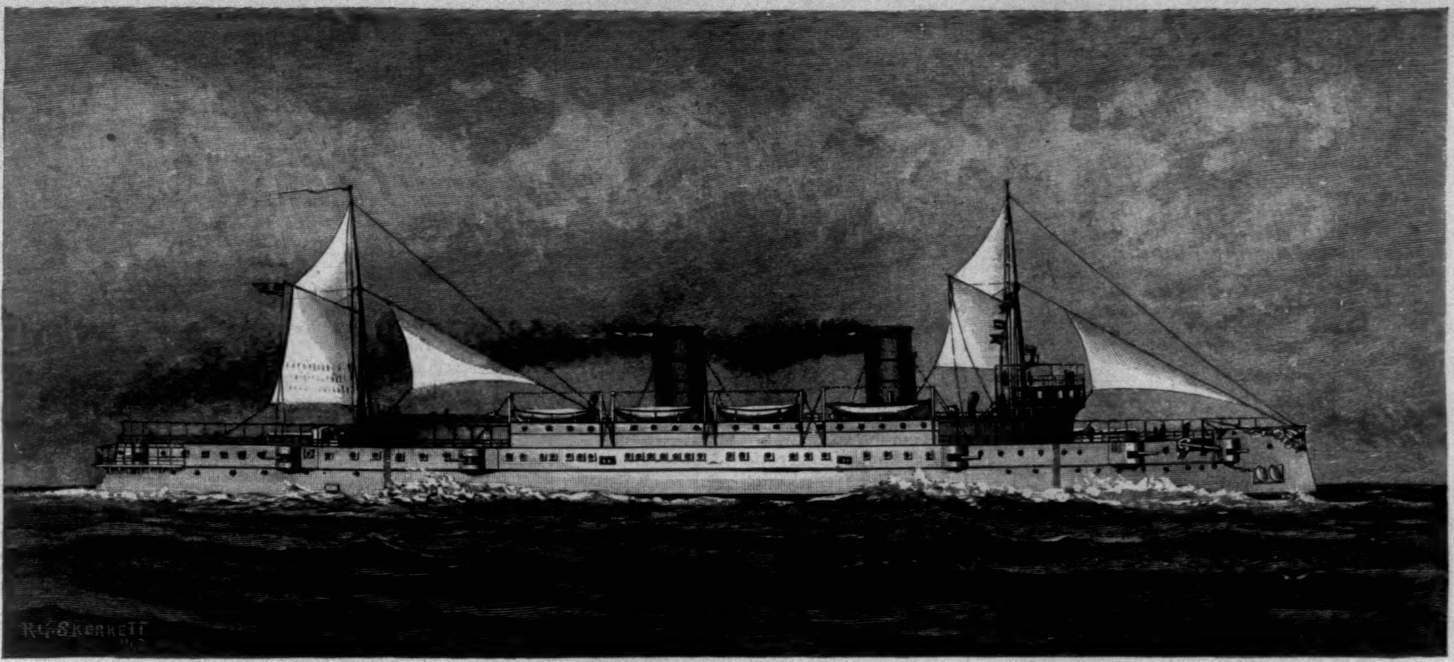
MINERVA TERRACE—MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

BISCUIT BASIN, SAPPHIRE POOL.



JUPITER TERRACE.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. JAY HAYNES.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "MINNEAPOLIS."—Drawn by R. G. Skerrett.

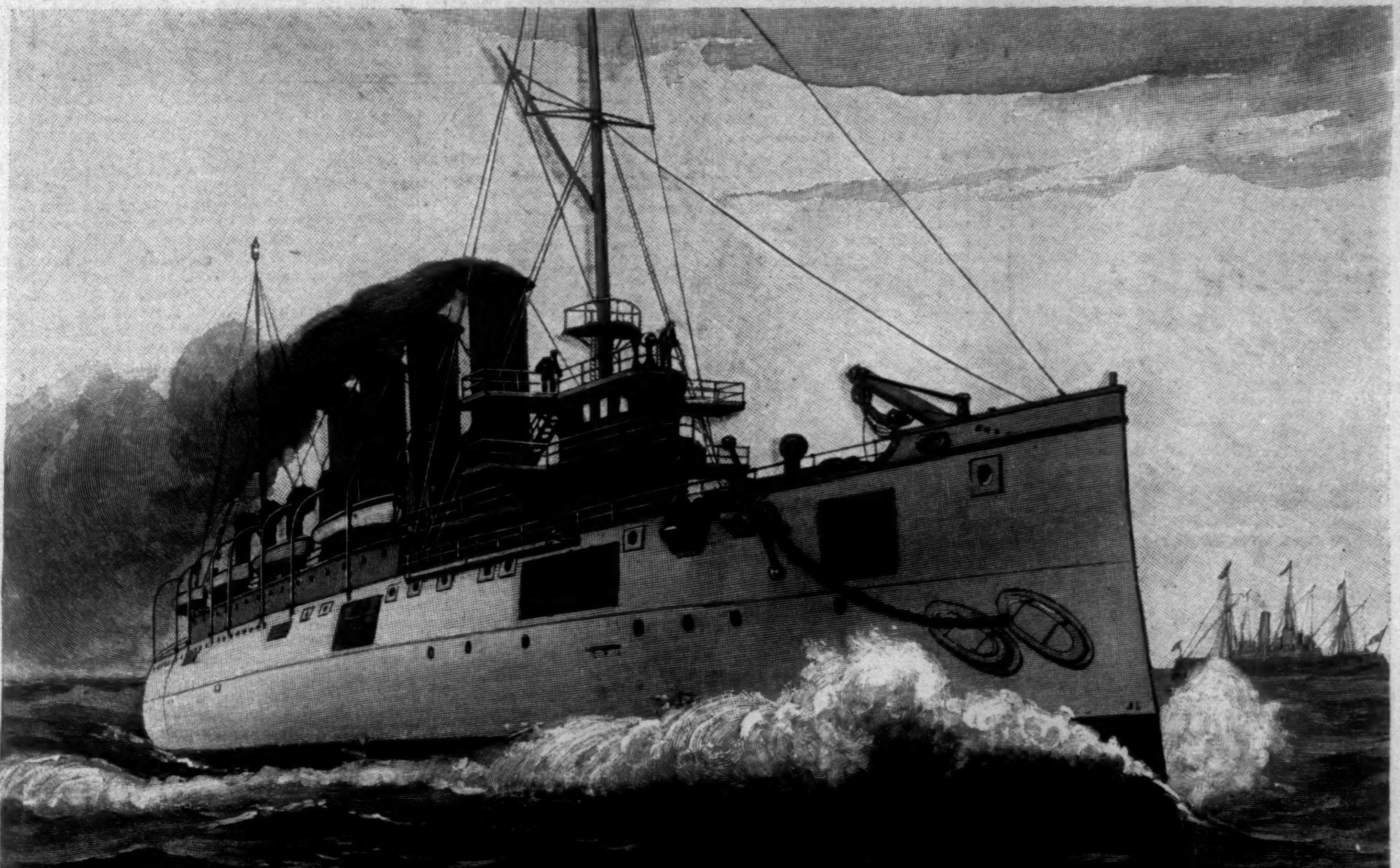
THE NEW COMMERCE-DESTROYERS.

In 1890 the Navy Department suddenly awakened to the fact that there were plying between the ports of this country and those of our transatlantic neighbors no less than seven lines of fast steamships easily transferrable into armed cruisers, forming a part of the naval reserves of England, France, and Germany, and varying in their sustained sea speeds from eighteen to almost twenty-one knots an hour. In a country possessing a carrying trade at the present so exclusively in the hands of foreigners the consequences of estrangement became a matter for serious reflection. We couldn't follow our neighbors' example then, and subsidize liners too; but with characteristic originality we determined to meet our needs in our own way, and the U. S. S. *Columbia*, commerce-destroyer, was the result. The widespread commendation and favorable criticism that met the department's handiwork when the design was made public justified Congress in appropriating in 1891 for the construction of the *Minneapolis*, a sister ship of the *Columbia*, in appearance a duplicate of her prototype in all but the number of smoke-stacks.

The trial trip of the *Columbia* and the launching of the *Minneapolis* coming so closely upon each other, a description of the latter ship may be of double interest in defining both ships at the same time. The principal dimensions are: Length on load-line, 412 feet; beam, moulded, 58 feet; draught, mean, normal displacement, 22 feet 6.5 inches; displacement, 7350 tons; speed, estimated (required by contract), 21 knots; indicated horse-power, 21,000.

These vessels are built of steel, and within the outer skin, or true bottom, there is another bottom, called the double bottom, which serves the purpose of guarding against serious injury in case of grounding or other damage of a mild nature. This intervening space is divided into a number of water-tight compartments, that the damage may be localized. These vessels belong to the protected-cruiser type; *i. e.*, their engines, boilers, magazines, etc., are protected by a heavy steel deck and many feet of coal, while in the cases of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* a wall of patent fuel five feet thick, extending along the sides in the region of the water-line and throughout the locality of the vitals, protects the machinery, etc., from machine-gun fire, and at the same time forming a reserve supply in case of the exhaustion of the regular coal allowance.

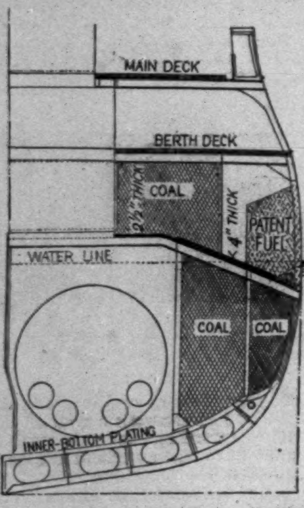
Fearing lest the transmission of 21,000 horse-power through either one or two shafts might be like placing all of one's eggs in too few baskets, the Bureau of Steam Engineering determined to resort to the uncommon distribution of this power through three shafts—one placed amidships, as in ordinary single-screw vessels, and two others placed further forward, one on each side, as is usual in twin-screw vessels. By this arrangement the engines can be run at the maximum or most economical speed, and with the nicest distribution of expense, the idle screw or screws being uncoupled and allowed to revolve by the simple motion of the ship, and offering but little resistance



THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "COLUMBIA."—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

to the vessel's headway. Each shaft will be actuated by its own triple-expansion engine, and each engine will be in a separate water-tight compartment.

In eight large double-ended boilers will be raised the steam pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch necessary to generate the motive force in the three sets of triple-expansion engines, and within those boilers there will be a roaring mass of flames covering an area of 1344 square feet. There will be carried, exclusive of the patent fuel, a normal coal supply of 2000 tons, from which the 56 parched and seething mouths will be fed by tons, that the intense heat may be kept alive that must give birth to the stupendous power required to turn the three screws 129 times a minute. Gallons and gallons of oil will be thrown upon journals and joints, that the parts may slide in and out, up and down, faster than the eye can follow, yet with the regularity and untiring impetus of a mighty clock-work.



MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE U.S.S. "MINNEAPOLIS."

At a cruising speed of 10 knots, these craft will have a radius of action—*i. e.*, a distance that can be covered upon a given supply of coal—of over 26,000 knots, during which time they will be absolutely independent of all other sources of help. The large distiller will generate hundreds of gallons of fresh water, while refrigerating-machines will produce ice, and preserve afresh the provender for her complement of 417 souls. An extensive system of pumpage and drainage will exhaust or fill any of the numerous water-tight compartments into which the vessel is divided, to overcome a leak or to quench a fire; while electrical alarms will announce the presence of water or an excessive heat, either in the numerous compartments or the coal-bunkers, and denominate the locality of the trouble at a central station. A system of artificial ventilation will supply fresh air to the remote recesses, and at the same time suck the foul gases from the bilges and coal-bunkers, while the immense fans that generate this draught may be turned into the fire-room to increase the fury of those glaring furnaces.

The vessels will be steered by steam, the anchors handled in the same way, while steam and hydraulic power will obviate hand-power wherever possible. The main battery will consist of one 8-inch breech-loading rifle, two 6-inch rapid-fire guns, eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns; and the secondary battery will be composed of twelve 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Gatlings.

The character of the batteries is essentially speedy, the 6-inch rapid-fire guns being loaded at a single operation with "fixed ammunition"—*i. e.*, powder and shot combined in an immense cartridge standing nearly six feet high, by which the double operation of loading with shot and then the powder charge is obviated. With so powerful a battery, these vessels would prove dangerous antagonists to many large ships more accurately denominated strictly fighting-ships, while their great speed would allow them to choose their foe.

Compared with those transatlantic liners, there is but one, the *Campania*, that might lead these vessels an unfruitful chase, but the unwarlike look of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis* might prove the very means by which they could creep upon so fleet a craft as this liner, and then, once within the range of those guns, her superior speed would avail her but little. Both of these ships are from the yard of Messrs. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, the *Columbia* started in 1890, at a contract price of $2,725,000, and the *Minneapolis* begun in 1891, and at the contract price of $2,690,000, the former to be finished in thirty months, and the latter in two years from those dates.

THIS BUSY WORLD

If the Rev. Henry A. Adams had a hard time reaching the determination to go over to the Roman Church, at least he allowed himself the solace of giving entire relief to his mind after the determination was reached. Other men before him have grown dissatisfied with the Episcopal Church, and have concluded that the Roman communion was better suited to their several cases and necessities, but very few at the moment of transition have expressed themselves with so much candor as Mr. Adams has about the Church they were leaving. Mr. Adams frankly confesses that from his remotest boyhood the Episcopal Church has grown more and more to be a source of shameful sorrow to him. He declares that "without a parallel in history her parish system stands as the most stupendous and ridiculous monstrosity in Christendom." He says that her successful rectors are poor dumb slaves of rich, ignorant, officious, and sometimes immoral vestrymen, and that she either drives out her best men or ruins them by forcing them into unprincipled acquiescence with the less than right.

It is sufficiently evident that the Protestant Episcopal Church was not a suitable field for the further development of Mr. Adams's ministerial gifts, and that he has done well to leave it. But, admitting that, it seems still to the lay mind that he might have gone somewhat more gently. When the colt determines that it is time that he was weaned, and that the grass in another pasture suits him better than any sustenance his dam can provide, by all means, if the fence is not too high for him, let him jump it and be off. But, after all, if his dam has done her best by him, let him neigh to her a kindly farewell, or at least leave her unmolested. To make the meadow resound with a parting salutation of his hoofs against the maternal ribs seems a little ungracious.

It is remarked by some of the esteemed contemporaries that the crowds at the Chicago Fair are lacking in joyousness. The correspondents—some of them—complain that most of the fair-goers show an Anglo-Saxon tendency to take their pleasure sadly. Instead of skipping merrily about the grounds, they trudge, and instead of venting their enthusiasm in exclamations and glad cries, they view the wonders of the exposition with a painstaking, stolid scrutiny. They are diligent and persistent, it seems, to a degree, but they do not convey the impression that they are having much fun.

It is probable that this criticism is well founded, but really it is rather an observation than a criticism. The average fair-goer who goes to the fair from a distance does not regard his visit as a frolicsome experience. He does not go to have fun, but to see the fair. He spends money on his visit that he can by no means afford to fritter away on mere dissipation. He wants primarily to be instructed, and whatever amusement he gets at the same time he regards as clear gain. To see the fair in the week that most visitors give to it is hard work at best. In order to accomplish it at all the mind must be kept in a receptive state, which is incompatible with boisterous demonstrations. The time when the fair-goers are likely to show enlivenment is at dinner and in the evening after their day's work is done. But most of their fun will come after they get home, in talking over their experiences with their friends. There is great pleasure in that, and the more they see the more they will have to talk about. If the preliminary labor seems hard, they are fairly entitled to borrow solace from Æneas, and cheer one another's faltering steps with

Forsan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

There is a man in New Hampshire named William C. Todd, who holds to the theory that he is benefiting his fellow-creatures when he puts abundant supplies of newspapers within their reach. He lately provided for an expenditure of $2000 a year for newspapers for the Boston Public Library, and it has since been discovered that he recently made a similar provision for the public library of Newburyport. He believes in the value of newspapers, and yet it seems that he is not a patent-medicine man, as one might suppose, but a retired school-master, who has been a great traveller, and now pursues a life of studious retirement in a village. In extenuation of his action he declares that the press has become the great agency by which information is diffused and the people are educated, and that free reading-rooms are likely to be more in demand in the future than free libraries. It is interesting to notice that he seems not to have suffered from the newspaper publicity about which there is so much complaint, and that even his neighbors in Atkinson, where he lives, were found to possess scarcely any reliable information about his past career or the size of his fortune. They knew him to be frugal in his personal habits and generous in his benefactions, but that was all.

Some one has given the city of New Haven a set of flags, and the city fathers have agreed that the national emblem shall be raised daily on the flag-staff on the green. A daily flag-raising is a distinction that has hitherto been monopolized by the army and navy. If the habit becomes fixed upon New Haven it may grow popular and spread to other towns and villages, to the increased enlivenment and adornment of the country. Certainly if New Haven can flaunt a daily flag in full view of the Yale undergraduate no other city need fear any special difficulties. Undergraduates have matured a good deal within the last fifteen years, but it is still conceivable that the city banner of New Haven may strike the Yale Freshman imagination as a desirable decoration for a college room. To "rag" the flag off the staff in broad daylight would be an even greater exploit than to steal the hands off of a church clock at night. But Freshmen have more sense that they used to have, and police courts have more influence with them.

Every city and village ought to own a flag-staff, and an official flag to fly on occasions if not every day. Many towns have such staffs already, many of them the direct successors of the flag-staff that was indispensable in war-times. Associations quickly gather round such poles, and they soon become landmarks and honored institutions.

It seems that Mr. Postmaster Bissell intends to restrict the elegant variety of postal cards invented by Mr. Wanamaker, and sell only one size. If he does that it is desirable that the surviving card should combine the best qualities of Mr. Wanamaker's trio. Such a combination can be achieved by borrowing the size of the medium card and the appearance of the small one. There is nothing about the big card that seems worth preserving. It was neither pretty nor good—a poor bargain-counter thing.

Everything that Justice Blatchford did he seems to have done well. In all relations of life, as a judge, a citizen, a neighbor, a friend, and in his own family and household, his dealings have been held up to be admired and emulated. If there has been any phase of his example that has hardly received adequate consideration, it is his conduct as a working millionaire. He is spoken of as a man of "vast wealth." Supreme Court justices are usually well-to-do, and more or less independent of their salaries; but if Judge Blatchford was so very rich as to have at his command all the recreations and employments of the extremely opulent, it is the more admirable that he should have chosen that the declining years of his life should have been laboriously spent in the public service.

Learning that the negligee shirt has admitted starch into its collar and cuffs, and that some one has invented a dressing for tan shoes, the *Outlook* laments over the expectation of comfort in dress as a lost hope that was prematurely frustrated by American devotion to style. But the colored shirt, even with a starched collar, is still a most comfortable garment, provided the collar fits and is not too high. If one is committed to coats, the right kind of a starched shirt collar is a source of greater felicity than a limp one; and starched cuffs are no hindrance to the highest personal comfort, provided the shirt sleeves that they adhere to are not too long. So long as starch can be kept out of the bosom of a negligee shirt, such a shirt is still a good thing—far better, indeed, than the flannel shirt of recent memory, which warped and dwindled in the washer-woman's cruel tubs. As for tan shoes, only swells bother with "dressing" them, and even swells neglect it as soon as they get beyond the supervision of valets and expert hired men. There is no such moral obligation on the community to have tan shoes dressed as there is to have black shoes blackened.

E. S. Martin.

THE GERMAN VICTORY.

The Emperor and Count Caprivi called it a "victory," the government press was exultant, and the ministerialists indulged in unbounded jubilation over the so-called "crushing defeat" of the opponents of the Army Bill. Upon closer examination, however, even the foreigner who is not wholly conversant with affairs in Germany will be able to rectify all these exaggerated bulletins of victory. It was only after a hard and tenacious struggle, after a complete defeat of the government, that the German Army Bill was pulled through by means of a Reichstag dissolution and of subsequent negotiations with certain parliamentary parties. Only sixteen voices were found to be the majority in favor of the bill, and even this small number was secured only through party concessions and promises, the fulfilment of which will be a much harder task for the German government than the passage of the Army Bill.

The most significant characteristic of the election campaign was the almost general outbreak of dissatisfaction with the policy of the "New Course," especially with its agrarian policy. The election issue given out by the government was the Army Bill, but the populace answered with a verdict upon the commercial and agricultural measures of the government. The proprietors of rural estates, the farmers, the leaseholders, the tillers of the soil, all combined and established a powerful league ("der Bund der Landwirthe"), whose influence will be felt very severely during the next session of the Reichstag. This league on the one hand, and the increase of the social democratic vote on the other, tended to weaken and diminish very materially the influence of the Manchester people, who are represented in Parliament by the Freisinnige Partei.

This party was led to defeat by Herr Eugen Richter, a party "boss" of immense personal qualities, a thorough knowledge of budgetary matters, and master of the art of debating, but of unsurpassing stubbornness, and helplessly addicted to the sterile cult of abstract principles. Another defeated party leader is seen amongst our pictures on the front page, Herr Stoecker, who is classified as a Conservative, but who really is a well-known antisemitic leader. He was found to be too tame for the radical Jewbaiters under Herr Boeckel, and they caused his defeat in the town of Siegen. Herr Stoecker now stands for the second election in Neustettin, where that most remarkable individual Herr Ahlwardt was returned to the Reichstag. This gentleman was also elected in Arnswalde, and he has made up his mind to represent this district, thus making necessary a second election in Neustettin.

Ahlwardt, the antisemite, is a short, clumsy, shabbily clad person, with a halting gait and a greasy voice. His physiognomy is barren of expression, and the whole bearing of the man leaves the impression of an individual of a very low social and intellectual standing. But he has courage, if only the courage of the man who has nothing to lose; and a certain ability of thrusting sharply pointed mark-words into the crowds—words which are utterly meaningless, and even stupid, but "catchy," and apt to impress the thoughtless mob. Messrs. Bebel and Singer, two leaders of the social democratic party, are of an entirely different brand. It is impossible to speak of Mr. Bebel's ability and honesty otherwise than with sincere respect, whilst Mr. Singer deserves attention for the fact that he has joined social democracy, although being a large manufacturer and a millionaire. He devotes large sums of his royal income to charitable purposes and to the social democratic propaganda, and is a clever and intelligent speaker. Bebel, Singer, Richter, and Herbert Bismarck, "the son of his father," will be heard of in the next Reichstag session, when they will make it very hot to Count Caprivi, the poor hapless "victor."

FRANCE AND SIAM.

The trouble between France and Siam, which has culminated in the delivery of a French ultimatum, with a threat of the bombardment of Bangkok if the ultimatum is not accepted, dates back a good many years, in fact, to the beginning of the French occupation and "protectorate" of Annam. The art and mystery of the surveyor are not much esteemed or practised in the international affairs of Asia, but Annam under native rule has always been practically and conveniently bounded by the ocean on the east, and on the west by the mountains; to the westward of these, again, lies the valley of the Me-Kong. This valley has for sixty years not been disputed to be Siamese. As the London *Times* has lately pointed out, it is recognized to be so in the standard French atlas of the edition of 1885.

But the "instinct of expansion" by annexation, which was somewhat repressed after the lamentable events of the Tonquin expedition, has reasserted itself in France, and one of its reassertions was the claim in a speech of M. Ribot, delivered two years ago, on the part of France as the successor to the rights and possessions of Annam, to all this territory between the river and the mountains—a territory actually much larger than Annam itself. The historical basis of the Annamese claim, now become French, is not at all clear. France is so much stronger than Siam that French statesmen have not taken too much trouble about their justification. In fact, it is even admitted that the French claim is in part the rectification of the "mistake" that France made in 1868, when she expressly recognized the sovereignty of Siam over the provinces of Angkor and Battamberg.

Having put forward her claim, France proceeded to make it good, not by proposing a boundary commission, but by expelling the "invaders" from Annamese soil, now become French *de jure* and Siamese *de facto*. Naturally this wounded the susceptibilities of the Siamese, and they in turn wounded the honor of France by killing some fifteen Annamese soldiers in French uniforms. Finally, last spring, a French official, M. Grosgurin, who was engaged in "escorting," or, more plainly, expelling, a Siamese mandarin from the territory in dispute, was killed by the mandarin. This homicide, it may be said, was a great windfall to the French "Jingo."

It naturally produced great popular excitement, which was reflected in the action of the government. Three French men-of-war, the *Forfait, Inconstante,* and *Comète,* under the command of Admiral Human, were despatched to Bangkok to support the French demands. Troops have been despatched also not only from the French possessions in Asia, but from Algeria, to back up the fleet. In fact, the French show of force is quite irresistible. The French ultimatum, which was announced in Paris on the 18th, demands the payment of $400,000 by way of indemnity for the killing of M. Grosgurin and of the Annamese soldiers in the French service, the surrender by Siam of the coast region between the mountains and the river, the immediate retirement of the Siamese not only from this region, which France claims as the successor of Annam, but from the provinces of Angkor and Battamberg, which she claims as the successor of Cambodia, and the delivery to France, as guarantees of the satisfaction of the French demands, of $600,000 more or the assignment of the lakes till the amount is made up. Forty-eight hours only were allowed the Siamese for deliberation on these requirements. Meanwhile the French men-of-war lay before Bangkok with steam up, ready for action.

The helplessness of the Siamese before such an army is so evident to themselves that the king is reported to be making ready to leave the capital. If France has nobody to reckon with but Siam she will of course make good all her claims. Of the justice, decency, and regard for the opinion of the world which these claims show the foregoing recital will enable readers to judge for themselves. The Parliamentary Secretary of the British Foreign Office, Sir Edward Grey, has already announced that the only point which concerns Great Britain in the performance is the territorial claim; that that does affect British interests, and will be made the subject of an amicable conference with the French Foreign Office; and that Great Britain desires to maintain the integrity of Siamese territory. A special cabinet meeting has been held, instructions have been issued to Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador at Paris, whose leave of absence has been curtailed in consequence of the emergency of the Siamese question, and orders, of which the purport is not published, have been sent to the admiral commanding the British squadron in Chinese waters. On the other hand, it is reported in Paris, though apparently on doubtful authority, that the Russian minister has assured the French government of the readiness of Russia to sustain the French position, and that the Russian squadron in Chinese waters has been despatched to Siam to support the French fleet.

As the London *Times* has said, the interest of Great Britain in maintaining Siam as a "buffer" between India and the French possessions is the same as her interest in maintaining Afghanistan as a buffer between India and the Russian possession, and any reduction of the intervening territory adds greatly to the cost, the trouble, and the responsibility of maintaining the Indian Empire.

Meanwhile those whose interest in the matter is rather human than national will deplore the hard fate of a gentle and inoffensive people under the bullying of a great power. The incident will give new interest to accounts of the country, of which, for popular purposes, the best is that given by Colonel T. W. Knox in the second part of his *Boy Travellers in the East.*

THE CITY PERSON IN THE COUNTRY.

We are now in the very middle of that holiday rejoicing season of the year wherein the city person seeks the country, and all of the pleasures thereunto appertaining and belonging. We do not wish to come in the guise of a skeleton at the feast, but we cannot refrain from speaking of one of the sorrows of the mellow time which is now lying all around about us. The city person in the country hath his woes. We shall not speak of those which cannot be remedied—inherent sorrows—like the hotel landlord who seems to have just stepped from a long, low, rakish craft, and forever to wear a cutlass by his side, and stand with the darkly flaunting shadow of a black-flag resting on him; the vegetables shipped by slow freight from the city; the lusty-lunged rooster, bursting with the exuberance of gallinaceous youth, who hails the far-off dawn with superfluous and diabolical crows; the mosquitoes, the bull, the bill, the barbed-wire fence, the malaria; of these things, we repeat, we shall say no word. But of the difficulties which too often arise between the city person and the country person we must speak, with some hints, succinctly set forth, for the prevention thereof.

We do not need to encumber valuable space with proof that misunderstandings often arise between the city person and the country person, especially between the younger city person and the elderly country person. Everybody knows it. We suspect that both are to blame, but we also have an idea that the bringing about of pleasanter relations must lie chiefly with the city person. The elderly country person is apt to be "sot." If he has imbibed or conceived the notion that he does not wish his cows chased about the pasture on a fast run for the amusement of a young city person, there is no use in trying to prove to him that rapid exercise is good for the cow—even if you are certain that it is. But why should not the city person refrain from chasing the cows? And also from tramping promiscuously through the garden, frightening the chickens, shaking off green apples, and similarly disporting himself? There is no use in trying to reconcile the elderly country person to these playful practices, and the best thing for the young city person is to refrain from them and save trouble, especially as none of them are absolutely necessary for either mental or physical health.

Another point on which the city person is apt to complain is the alleged unappreciativeness of the country individual. It is, let us say, the time of hay, and the city person volunteers to assist at the ingathering of this nutritious vegetable. He goes out and, it seems to him, works desperately, madly, for half a day. He notices that he works harder than the hired man, and handles more hay than the farmer himself. But if at the last he is so unlucky as to scratch the side of the barn with his pitchfork, the said farmer is apt freely and loudly to denounce him as a young person unfit longer to infest the unfortunate earth. This may be injustice in the country person, but it is also human nature. It would promote peace and happiness if the visitor were never to plunge into any work of the resident.

A minor point which the city person should observe, and which will tend to increase his joy, is that of not asking what we hope we shall be pardoned for calling fool questions. Somebody said (or at least somebody should have said) that we learn by exposing our ignorance; but in actual practice it is much better to keep our ears open, and let somebody else expose his ignorance, and then reap where we have not sown by harvesting the reply made to him. The city person should as much as possible secure and retain the respect of the country person. He cannot do this by inquiring blandly of the other when he expects to pull his wheat or thrash his pumpkins. He must not ask (like the fresh-air boy), as he observes the cows contentedly chewing their respective cuds, how much gum it is necessary to buy for them; nor mistake a grindstone for a knitting-machine; nor let it come out that he has become confused as to the question of precedence in the matter of seed-time and harvest. Such things as this invariably cause the unreasonable country person to regard him in the light of an unfortunate excrescence on the otherwise fair face of nature, and to treat him accordingly. It may be no disgrace for the city person not to know these things, but he should not wear his ignorance on his sleeve and bring himself into contempt; rather let him "lay low," and accumulate wisdom by craft. Let him, in short, exercise restraint touched with a slight tinge of guile.

H. C.

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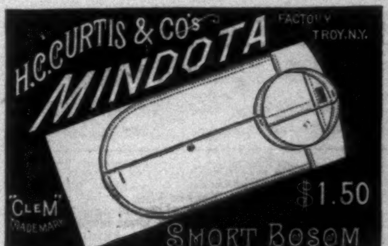

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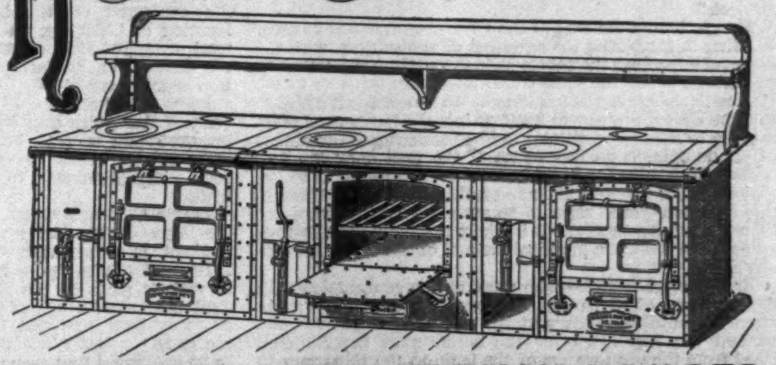

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ROAD LEGISLATION.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE public-spirited men who have been interested during the past few years in securing the betterment of the common roads of the country have pretty generally recognized the fact that before any considerable results could be obtained there would have to be an active and vigorous agitation of the subject, so that the people would demand that the various State Legislatures should remove from the statute-books those laws that were obsolete and faulty, and substitute in their place other laws which when executed would result in the making of good permanent highways which could be used at all seasons of the year. This agitation has been both vigorous and active, and the leaders of public opinion seem to be united in so far as they recognize and acknowledge that something should be done. But what that something is appears now to be the difficulty that stands in the way of immediately accomplishing anything towards the much-desired and much-needed end. One of the most active agitators of the subject is Mr. A. A. Pope, of Boston. Mr. Pope's heart has been set for a long time on establishing a United States department of roads, and giving to the head of this department a seat in the President's cabinet. The road question is undoubtedly of importance enough to warrant this, and the precedents do not appear to be against governmental building and control of highways for post-roads and use in time of war for national defence. But the best public opinion appears to oppose the governmental building or control of roads at this time. A measure was introduced in Congress calling for a commission to inquire into and report upon the roads of the country. This measure passed the Senate, but was not acted upon in the House, at the session which ended last summer. It came up again this winter, and was so changed that an appropriation of $10,000 was made to enable the Secretary "to make investigations in regard to the best method of road-making, to prepare publications on this subject suitable for distribution, and to enable him to assist the agricultural colleges and experimental stations in disseminating information on this subject."

This action on the part of the government, it will be seen, is rather in furthering the agitation of the subject, with the object of educating the people as to the wisdom and economy of making better roads, and also informing them as to the best methods of road construction. In no sense is it a pledge that the United States will itself go into the business of road-making or road supervision. And considering the condition of public opinion on this phase of the road question, it is quite well that the leaders who have been working to secure national action should understand this, for further effort in this direction would seem to be not only wasted, but worse than wasted, inasmuch as it is likely to divert the efforts of others from the more practical method of action by the various States.

Mr. Pope, of Boston—who must not be confounded with Senator Pope of Kentucky, who two generations ago advocated the building of roads by the national government, and secured the legislation for the building of the National Road from the head-waters of the Ohio to the tide-water in Maryland—is not singular in his advocacy of national action at the present time; but he is more prominent in it than any one else, and it might quite properly be called the "Pope movement for better roads." There are others who at first were of the same mind as Mr. Pope, but who, having recognized the futility of such an effort, have lent the strength of their influence to other methods. Notable among these is General Roy Stone, of New York, the organizer of the National League for Good Roads, a society which now has branches in pretty nearly every State, and in some States sub-branches in almost every county. The ultimate effort of this league is to have a branch in every school district, and thus secure the co-operation of all of the smallest of the political sub-divisions of the country. If this be carried out the road-question agitation will come very near to reaching every American home. This league is pledged to no particular method of road improvement, and is ready to co-operate in urging any legislation that will lead to a permanent betterment of the roads. Its province so far has been to urge upon the people the importance of the subject, and to show them how to unite into societies for the cultivation and promulgation of general ideas as to the necessity of doing what is at once wise and economical.

The State of New Jersey was probably the first to take up the question of better roads in the modern sense, and a general law was passed permitting any county that so desired to borrow money on bonds and build good roads. This law was passed at the instance of Essex and Union counties, where the political leaders, at least, were alive to the importance of better country highways. Under this law the roads in the two counties mentioned were rebuilt, so that ways which in the summer had been streaks of dust, and in the fall and spring impassable quagmires, became good hard thoroughfares, over which heavy loads could be hauled with ease to the horses and without profanity on the part of the drivers. This improvement of the roads in these two counties occasioned a renewal of agricultural prosperity, to which the people had long been unaccustomed, and to an enlivening of the building of homes in suburban towns, many of which grew in a year or so very greatly in population.

And yet notwithstanding the fact that it worked an immediate and a permanent benefit to the people of those counties, it has not been taken advantage of by any other county in the State, though all of them were free to rebuild their roads under it. The other counties had not been educated up to the point where public opinion demanded better roads. So something else had to be done by communities smaller than the community comprised in a whole county. In 1892 a road law was passed providing "that whenever there shall be presented to the board of chosen freeholders of any county a petition signed by the owners of at least two-thirds of the lands and real estate fronting or bordering on any public road or section of road in such county, not being less than one mile in length, praying the board to cause such road or section to be improved under this act, and setting forth that they are willing that the peculiar benefits conferred on the lands fronting or bordering on said road or section shall be assessed thereon, in proportion to the benefits conferred, to an amount not exceeding 10 per cent. of the entire cost of the improvement, it shall be the duty of the board to cause such improvements to be made."

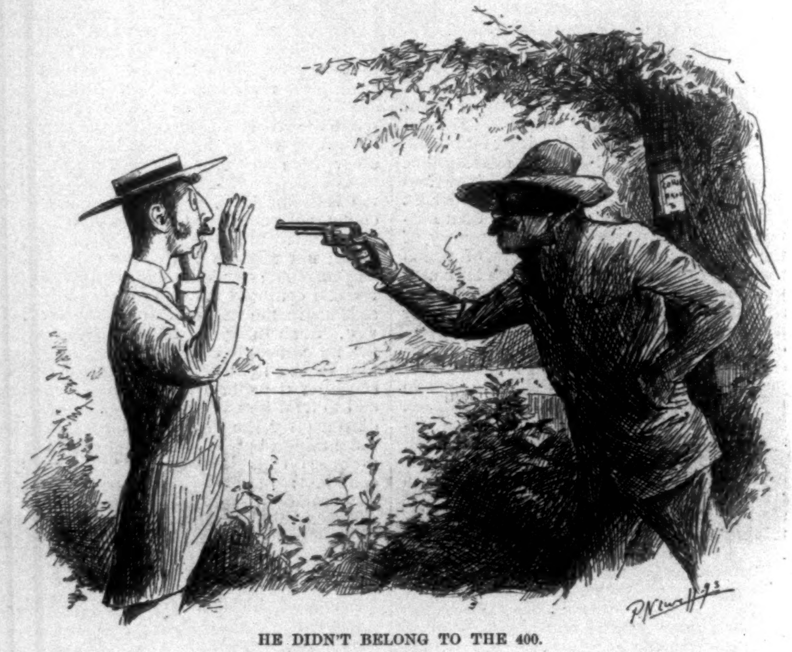
Under this new section of the New Jersey law several sections of road have been built, and others applied for in various parts of the State. And maybe that by building short sections here and there the taste for better roads will be so cultivated that each community will in the end build good roads for itself. But an examination of the history of road-making in the civilized countries of the world does not lead one to have great faith in the universal extension of such a principle. It looks well, but, like pretty nearly all the Utopian ideas cherished of men, it will probably end in a small good to a small number, instead of the desirable contrary. But even this is better than nothing.

In the State of New York a very large measure was launched several years ago, and the bill introduced by Senator Richardson had the influential support of the Governor of the State, Mr. David B. Hill. This bill provided for a road to be built in two directions across each county of the State, and paid for by the State. It was argued by Senator Richardson and by Mr. Hill that when the people in the country saw how roads should be built, and also realized their benefits, the purely local roads would be very soon rebuilt and improved according to scientific plans. It was further urged that the country people not only did not know how to build good roads, but did not know that there were such things as better roads than those now by a mistaken courtesy so denominated. And further, it was pointed out that the purely agricultural people should not in fairness be required to pay for general road improvement in the benefits of which all would participate. But this bill has so far failed to become a law.

It was pointed out in the editorial columns of the WEEKLY, when Governor Flower sent his annual message to the Legislature, that through an ignorant misapprehension of the question and the past records of road-making, the Chief Executive of the Empire State had done his best to kill road improvement in New York, or to retard its progress. His view was that each community would build its own roads if the laws were amended so as to be permissive, not mandatory.

Governor Flower's recommendation as to a road law was adopted by the Legislature, and has become a State statute. Under it each county can improve its own roads within certain limits as to debts incurred. Some counties may take advantage of the law, but no man of knowledge, however sanguine his temperament, can hope that the law will lead to a general improvement of the highways. The present general agitation of the subject will tend, however, to make the law less of a dead letter than it otherwise would have been.

The results of the agitation in New Jersey and New York are but samples of what has happened in other States. But nowhere yet has any supremely wise thing been done.



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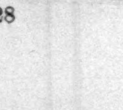

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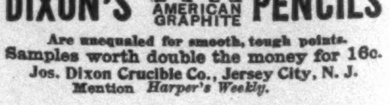

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AMATEVR - SPORT

THE RACING CYCLIST WILL NOW PROCEED to run amuck, unless the one or two workers on the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen are more persistent than the average man, and thoroughly in earnest in their efforts to put the manufacturers' parasite in the professional ranks, where he rightfully belongs. The failure of the Racing Board as a unit to sustain the case against Johnson and Tuttle simply shows the racers that so long as the *personnel* of the Board remains as it is, and the manufacturers and clubs are so obliging with their affidavits, they have nothing to fear. If one of these two men, whose racing career has been almost an open book compared with that of others, and about whom such strong circumstantial evidence had been drawn, can secure three votes for reinstatement from the six members of the Racing Board, then it is almost hopeless to attempt to bring others to justice so long as Messrs. Lewis A. Miller, of Meriden, Connecticut, J. M. Erwin, of the Chicago *Record*, and J. T. Huntington remain members of the Board. The other members, Messrs. H. E. Raymond, Chairman, of Brooklyn, G. D. Gideon, Philadelphia, and E. Meglemry, Jun., Louisville, voted to expel the accused; and as Mr. Raymond was the most active in collecting evidence, his vote is particularly significant.

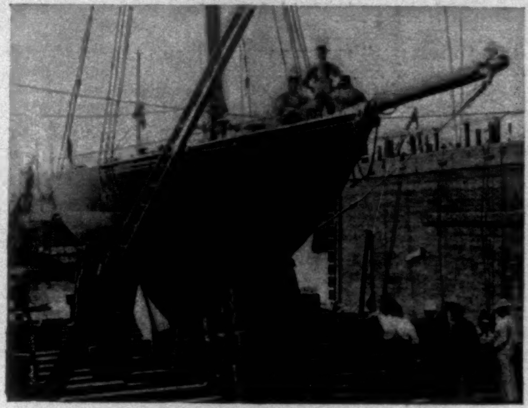
The evidence submitted by both Johnson and Tuttle consisted of affidavits from the manufacturers of the wheels they ride denying that they were paid for their services, while two clubs of Syracuse, the Century Cycling and the Syracuse Athletic, gave sworn testimony that they pay the expenses of these men. Besides this, each man swore under oath in some ten questions that he did not receive money from the manufacturers or violate the amateur ruling.

IT IS DREADFUL TO REALIZE that there are those who consider an oath so slightly, and it should convince the League of American Wheelmen at large that this question has reached a point where there should be a meeting to discuss and settle upon some decided plan of action. The result of these two cases shows that even the Racing Board may be seriously handicapped in its good work. It need not require absolute evidence to prove that a man is not living up to the best and proper interpretation of an amateur; strong circumstantial evidence is amply sufficient, and of that kind there is an abundance touching almost every prominent racer on the track.

What evidence could be stronger than that surrounding Johnson, for instance? Here was a lad, living in Minneapolis or thereabouts, who suddenly developed great speed on the bicycle; he makes some remarkable trials against time on a Western track (in Iowa), and the first thing we know he is a full-fledged racing rounder. He has joined a club in Syracuse, New York (quite a distance from Minneapolis, Minnesota), is using the wheel of a Syracuse manufacturer, and spending his *entire* time riding and training, under the guidance of a special professional trainer. Johnson asserts, and the manufacturers corroborate him, that he receives no remuneration for his services, and that the Syracuse Athletic Club pays his expenses. It is absurd to suppose this little club would pay the expenses of Johnson and his trainer, the latter's salary included, while he tours the country simply for the satisfaction of having the club emblem on his shirt. Moreover, without actually knowing the financial condition of the club, it is more than probable that the club could not stand the expense, even were its members so inclined. The point always to get at in these cases is to find the one being benefited. Who is being benefited in this case? The Syracuse Athletic Club? Hardly; certainly not to the tune of, say, ten thousand dollars a year. Who, then? Obviously the manufacturers of the wheel. Then it is safe to conclude that it is the manufacturer who is paying the expenses, and no one else, no matter how much darkness surrounds the source of income.

JOHNSON'S CASE HAS BEEN HELD UP here by way of illustration mainly because it is before the public just now, and because his is one of the most talked about. He is not by any means the only one receiving dollars and cents for riding a particular make of wheel; there are plenty of them with records just as easily traced. It will not be possible to obtain positive evidence that they receive pay for their services, for there will be as many affidavits forth-coming as there were in Johnson's case, but it will be quite as simple to trace up each young man's career, and suspend him on circumstantial evidence.

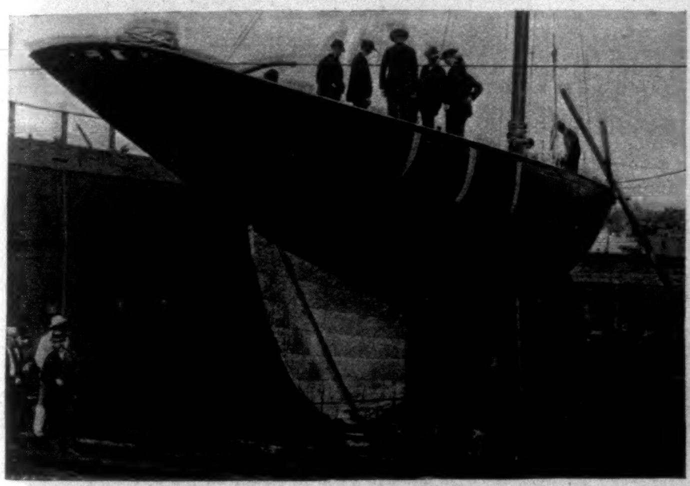
A great deal of space is being given here to this question because it has become one that interests every sportsman in this country who has any pride in our amateur standard. Not long ago two racing cyclists who were abroad as representatives of the United States were refused permission to ride at English tournaments. Is that a pleasing reflection for us? They have had the same difficulty to contend with in England as we have here, and they have handled the question without gloves, and successfully. While we are utterly at a loss to make any headway in cleansing the sport, they have made rapid strides towards placing these men in their proper place. By a system of licensing they have separated the amateurs from the professionals, and that it has made no material difference in the gate receipts, which seems to be the great fear of many



"QUEEN MAB"—BOW.

L.A.W. officials, the following taken from an editorial in the *Field* will show:

Not one of the various riders who have this year distinguished themselves for the first time has been absorbed into the trade. Twelve months ago the majority of them would, ere this, have been in the "stable" of some pushing and energetic firm. We may hope, therefore, that this class of men will die out in a few years, and the makers find it is better for them to choose their employés from genuine clerks and salesmen, and not from youths whose only qualification is the power to 'put in' a fast last quarter in a race. They will find it cheaper and more profitable in the end, to say nothing of its being more honest. We think we may take it that the licensing rules are a success, and that they are accomplishing the purpose for which they were brought forward. Never were the prospects of sport brighter. Despite the gloomy prognostications of those who preached that the removal of various professionals to their proper sphere spelt ruin, the "gates" this year have been larger and more enthusiastic, the racing keener, and the performances better than for some time, and the future promises even more than the past. Let the N.C.U. only remember that "amateurism" is a living fact, and that the more stringent the regulations for ensuring its purity are drawn, and the more thoroughly they are enforced, the greater is the support which will be forthcoming, and the more it will deserve the thanks of all those who have the good of sport at heart.



"QUEEN MAB"—STERN.
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THERE ARE BUT two ways in which bicycling in this country may be relieved of this racing scandal that now threatens to undermine it entirely—one, by legislation on the question of allowing expenses, and the other by appointing two or three men, known to be thoroughly sincere in their desire to purge the sport, without affiliations likely to bias them, and fearless, to a committee with absolute power to suspend, on evidence, circumstantial and otherwise, such racers whose amateur standing is open to suspicion. In other words, the League of American Wheelmen should handle this racing man precisely as the Amateur Athletic Union, after several years of futile endeavor, finally did the so-called amateur boxer.

There had grown up in the ranks of amateur boxing (thanks to the New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs, which combined with the boxers to hoodwink the A. A. U., and break the rules they had sworn to uphold) a class of sluggers from the slums of New York who were much in demand at club shows, and were paid money for their performance by the club officials, of course, secretly. This kept up for a couple of years; the officials of the A.A.U., like those of the L.A.W., knew these men were not amateurs, but could not get hold of any positive evidence on which to convict, and the clubs were all as willing to give sworn affidavits in those days as they are now. At last the A.A.U. arose to the occasion, and appointed W. B. Curtis a committee of one to look after the "amachoor" sluggers. Mr. Curtis prepared a list of men whose amateur standing was open to suspicion and suspended them all, some three hundred, I believe. There was a great hue-and-cry, of course, but it shortly subsided, and of all the number not over half a dozen were ever reinstated, or even applied for reinstatement.

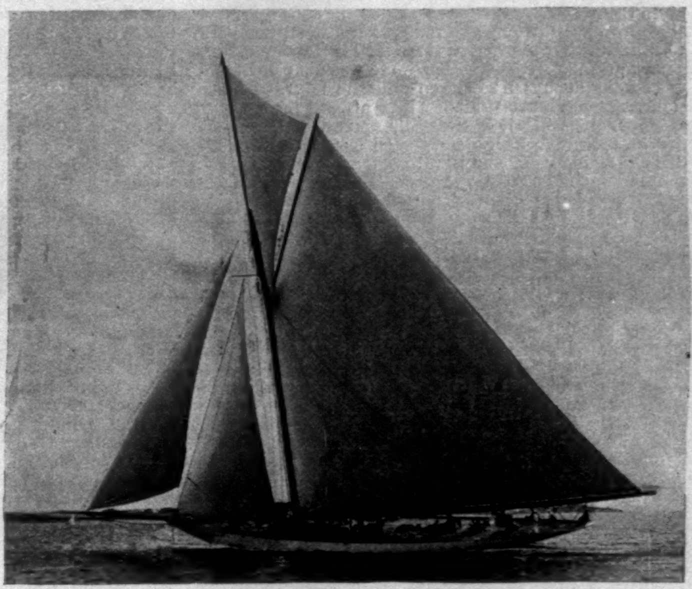
THERE IS A LESSON IN MR. CURTIS'S plan of procedure for the L.A.W. officials to study. It cannot be denied that they are all morally certain the racers are not living up to the amateur laws, and if any evidence is wanted to bear out that statement, the following, taken from an editorial in *The Bicycling World*, the official bulletin of the League of American Wheelmen, will prove interesting and instructive:

"It is a moral certainty that the one man would never have been hired by the firm in question had not his speed been of sufficient value to them to cause them to pay handsomely for his services on the track; and that the other is receiving his expenses (and something more) from another maker *through his father or the club he represents.*

"*And how are you going to get around it?*

"There is not—and we make the assertion boldly—a man prominently connected with the trade or the sport who does not know this to be the case, and yet moral certainty is not indisputable proof."

It seems that not only are the executive officials of the L.A.W. timid, but that the Racing Board as it exists to-day does not appear to be strong enough. There are too many members to permit of the kind of action the present situation demands, and they are undergoing the same ordeal the Governors of the A.A.U. labored through. If the present Racing Board has not the power to appoint a committee of one or two or three to act on this question, the League should lose no time in giving them that power, or nominating a committee from headquarters. One thing is absolutely certain—either the L.A.W. *must* act on circumstantial evidence, suspending those men whose cases are strong, or else the Racing Board might as well acknowledge itself outwitted, and resign. It has been demonstrated several times this season that sworn affidavits cannot be relied upon, that, alas, the truth seems to be disregarded with absolute impunity, and that therefore, under the present policy, it



"VIGILANT."
The Morgan-Iselin Cup-Defender.

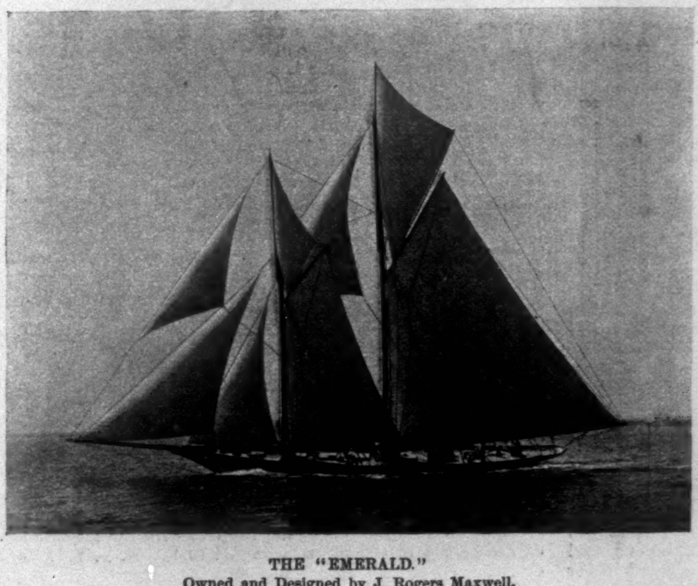
will be impossible ever to bring a man to justice, and impossible to root out of bicycle-racing the professional who poses as an amateur to the disgrace of our national standard.

The importance of this matter seems to me great enough to warrant a general meeting of the L.A.W. for its discussion, and immediate action thereafter.

THE OTHER HORN OF THE DILEMMA is the question of paying expenses. It has always been and is now the opinion of this department that legitimate expenses to meetings are entirely proper, but it has been rather a problem for the legislators to draw the line where legitimate expenses end. The result is, in bicycling, we see men travelling almost the entire year under the care of a trainer, and there have been one or two cases where two trainers were included in "legitimate" expenses. The few weeks between seasons these men devote to training, so that they live the entire year on legitimate-expense money.

For the purpose of cleansing sport there is no more vulnerable point at which to begin work than this matter of expenses. If the League of American Wheelmen should make a rule prohibiting amateurs from having their expenses paid to any but L.A.W. district or national championships, it looks as if such legislation would dig at the root of the evil at once. It would stop men from touring the country, and would make the Racing Board's task of collecting evidence much easier. Some will immediately advance the argument that it would hurt the sport, but I am of the opinion that it would benefit it immensely.

NOW THE SECOND-RATE or even good first-class men are thrown completely



THE "EMERALD."
Owned and Designed by J. Rogers Maxwell.

in the background, and to a measure discouraged, of course, by the brilliancy of the "cracks." If at the meet in each State there were seen only the racers of that State, and if at each district tournament only the riders of that district, it would give all these first and second class men encouragement and the best of opportunities to improve their form. In a season or so every State and district would have its cracks, and when the national or sectional championships were held there would be better sport than we have ever yet had when the result is always between three or four star performers. We see Johnson, Sanger, *et al.*, riding North, East, South, and West, and we tire of them. There is no doubt of it that the undue attention to the stars actually diminishes the number of contestants each year. Local riders feel they have neither the attention of their neighbors nor any hope of winning the prizes, and it would not be human nature if their zest continued as keen.

All this talk about the gate and the great good done bicycling by these cracks is a huge fallacy. The excerpt from the *Field* states that the gate has been just as large since the manufacturers' hirelings have been weeded out and licensed, and the same would be the result in this country. It has been demonstrated in every sport that dependence on stars is a sure road to a condition of "dry-rot" sooner or later.

These two, then, seem to the writer the only avenues for escape from the present state of corruption in racing bicycling: suspension on circumstantial evidence, or prohibiting expenses as set forth. The time for action is now, and American sportsmen will expect the L.A.W. to do its duty by them. A special meeting has been called for other matters, why should not this question be taken up?

WHILE WE WERE ON THE PRESS last week *Pilgrim*, the last of the four cup-defenders, was having her first trial sail, and proving herself to be an unqualified success. Bearing in mind that the opinion of yachtsmen has been either great success or complete failure for this boat, we shall look now for some astonishingly fast sailing once she is well tuned up. The weather on the afternoon of the trial day was of just the kind to bring out the superior quality of the boat in getting through the water without any fuss. There was a strong puffy wind from the southeast, and quite a sea on, but the *Pilgrim* had no difficulty in carrying her lower sails, and the way she swept over the waves proved that Messrs. Stewart & Binney's model up to date drives through the water the cleanest of any. Whether or not the *Pilgrim* turns out to be the fortunate cup-defender, the fact must remain that no one of the others has yet gone through the water with so little commotion. Instead of breaking through the waves, and losing a good bit of power in burying her nose into them, she glides over them, and the water, instead of piling up in a wave, breaks under and around her with very little disturbance. Astern there is as little commotion, and one would hardly believe her wake was that of an 85-footer running about ten to eleven miles an hour. As her speed increases she seems to settle a little aft, and lift her bow very easily and gracefully in taking the waves. In her windward work she pointed high and footed fast, and she minded her helm quickly and surely throughout the entire trip.

Summing up her first performance, one may say she is well balanced, steers easily, carries her sail well, and is steady and easy in a seaway. In the comparisons made thus far between *Jubilee* and *Pilgrim*, the latter is believed to be the faster boat.

THE MORGAN-ISELIN CUP-DEFENDER *Vigilant* has already been described in these columns, but her trial work last week is certainly worthy of further comment. She has been working about Bristol under the eyes of the Herreshoffs, and her tuning-up has been very thorough. Twice last week she was seen, and each time she was going through the water at a great rate of speed. She does not take the waves as gracefully and easily as *Pilgrim*, nor does she go through the water so cleanly, there is more disturbance both fore and aft, but she does certainly get through at a clipping pace. She has an immense spread of canvas, as may be judged from the fact that her boom is 99 feet long; gaff, 57 feet; and bowsprit (outboard length), 40 feet; but each of the two times seen was carrying it very handily. Much attention has been paid to the sails by her owners; they are made of a particular kind of cotton, which is said to be stronger and lighter than that ordinarily used, and they fit perfectly—better than did any of the other cup-defenders on their first trials. *Vigilant* points very high, and steers easily, and her work has shown her to be a very fast boat. How much advantage the Tobin bronze bottom is going to give her in the races against the others must be decided later. One of the Herreshoffs is reported as claiming it will give her five to ten minutes in a thirty-mile race; this is of course assuming the others to be of equal displacement, similar model, etc., which they are not. The race this year is going to be one of types; the rigging is all practically the same, with the exception of course in the amount spread, but the models are all different, and it remains to be seen whether the *Vigilant's* big driving power and bronze bottom more than counterbalance the less displacement and easier form to drive of some of the others—*Pilgrim*, for instance.

THE CONVICTION GROWS WITH EVERY DAY'S SAILING that the races between these cup-defenders are going to be a prolonged struggle, continuing to the very last. Every one of them is now in full pursuit of her racing form, and the tuning-up process is going on vigorously.

Jubilee since her first trial has made headquarters at Marblehead, and is out every day, and apparently going faster with each sail. She is a strong favorite with yachtsmen, who believe that between now and the Goelet Cup races off Newport, August 11th, she will improve very greatly; and these knowing ones recall the fact that before the start of the last *America's* Cup race the English yacht *Thistle* was sailing nearly two feet to the *Volunteer's* one. General Paine, who will of course lend his invaluable aid to his son John, the boat's designer, is a clever handler and a skilful sailor; of that there is no doubt, and he will get all out of the *Jubilee* there is in her.

The other Boston boat, *Pilgrim*, is also certain to have the best of handling, since the Adams brothers, who are acknowledged to be the cleverest of Corinthians, will be upon her, in addition to the professional skipper. That the *Pilgrim* will improve greatly on her already fast work goes without saying.

The *Vigilant* at the present writing is at New London, and will do her finishing-up work in that vicinity, probably working down to Bay Ridge. Little has been seen of the *Colonia* since she left Bristol, but that Archy Rogers will bring her around in the best possible condition no one need doubt for a moment. She did not show such speed in her first trial as have the other three; but likely enough that was due to her sails, which did not set well.

Every one is on the *qui vive* for a line on the speed of the new boats, but it will be wellnigh impossible to get it until the N.Y.Y.C. cruise begins.

By next week *Pilgrim*, *Vigilant*, and *Colonia* will be getting their last dressing, and it is possible one or two of them may start with the fleet from Glen Cove. The chances are, however, we must wait until the Goelet Cup races. *Jubilee* will haul out in Boston.

THE "EMERALD" IS THE LATEST ADDITION to the class, having made her first appearance at the Larchmont Yacht Club's Fourth of July regatta. She was designed by her owner, J. Rogers Maxwell, who formerly owned the *Shamrock*, and such sailing as she has done proves her to be in *Lasca's* class.

IN BRITISH WATERS THE *Satanita* has demonstrated that in a heavy wind and rolling sea she is the fastest boat on the other side. In the race for Her Majesty's Cup she took the lead from *Britannia* at the start, and maintained it to the end in spite of her having lost her peak halliard, beating the Prince of Wales's boat 2 min. 47 sec. The race, too, showed how *Calluna* stands up under half a gale, for, while the other two had single reefs in their mainsails, the Scotch boat carried her full canvas, and stood up like a church under it. Until she broke her boom and retired, *Calluna* did better than she has yet, though even in so strong a breeze, which was just her sort of weather, she did not show form good enough to warrant the belief that she could beat either of the others under any conditions. The second day of the Royal Irish Yacht Club's regatta found the strong wind blown out, and with a variable breeze that became at times almost a calm. *Britannia* was better suited than the big *Satanita*, and at three-quarters of the usual distance, which was declared to be the finish, the Prince of Wales's boat led by about four minutes. Half the race was a drifting match, but when the wind sprung up *Satanita* worked well, and so long as it remained true kept in the lead; as it lightened, however, *Britannia* would run ahead, and the wind being light most of the time, the latter kept to the fore.

THE RESULT OF THIS AND OTHER RECENT RACES makes it doubtful which one of these two Watson yachts our *Navahoe* will meet for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups. There will be no more racing until the Cowes event, and should the wind be strong in the trials, *Satanita* is likely to be chosen to go against *Navahoe*. It will be favorable to our chances if such be the British choice, for it is by no means certain that the *Satanita* can sail faster in a blow than the *Navahoe*, while the latter is probably a surer boat in lighter airs. It looks as if Mr. Carroll's chances will be better against the *Satanita* than against the *Britannia* on the average. There is not such a great deal of difference between the two English boats in a good stiff wind, and the Prince of Wales's yacht is undoubtedly handier in a race and much faster in light airs. The *Navahoe* left America the least known of all the new boats. Her first trials were disappointing; but subsequently, after quite a bit of overhauling, she showed much improvement, and we have her owner's word for it that her trip across the ocean convinced him that he has a good boat. The only line we really have on the boat is a comparison of the yacht-designers of the two countries. We have always had a boat just enough better to win, and though *Navahoe* has had a certain amount of handicap in being obliged to necessarily combine some of the attributes of the cruiser with those of the racer (as the English boats must that come here to try for the *America's* Cup), yet there is some reason for believing we have kept enough ahead of the British designers to enable us to sail over there and bring back the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups. Maybe it is "American assurance" that leads me to such a conclusion; but I don't forget that the *Valkyrie* is not a great deal faster than the *Britannia*, and neither has shown through comparison with the *Iverna* and *Meteor* (*Thistle*) as much of an increase in speed as our cup-defenders on this side have shown in comparison with the boats that beat the Britishers. It may be the *Navahoe* is a very much slower boat than any of our other new ones; but if there is no greater difference between her and the others than between *Valkyrie* and *Britannia*, then we may look for the *Navahoe* to bring back the cups for which she races.

This paragraph was written before the cable to the New York Yacht Club from the English yachting committee, that "*Viking* has forfeited the Cape May Cup to *Valkyrie*." It was not believed the *Valkyrie* would race at all against *Navahoe*, and it seems at this distance rather a poor decision on Dunraven's part, for his boat is not much faster than either *Britannia* or *Satanita*, the chances being that either *Navahoe* can beat all three or none; and should she beat *Valkyrie* the *America's* Cup race would be robbed of its interest, as every one of our defenders is faster than *Navahoe*. We have a good fighting chance for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, whichever boat meets our representative.

THE "QUEEN MAB," NOW UNDERGOING REPAIRS on the dry-dock at Tebo's Basin, will have a twofold interest for American yachtsmen if she is seen on the N.Y.Y.C. cruise, as she probably will be: first, because of her recent rough voyage and astonishing escape from total wreckage; and second, because she is the first large centreboard racing yacht built in Great Britain for years. Her keel, as may be seen from the cuts, resembles very much those of the *Minerva* and *Jessica*, designed by Fife, but her bow looks quite like a Herreshoff, though not so long; is more graceful, while her stern overhang is well drawn out.

After looking her over on the dry-dock one can hardly believe she could have weathered the storm she did, and one's respect in consequence must be increased for these "racing-machines," so called, that many have declared unseaworthy. *Queen Mab* was designed last year by Watson, and is a racing cutter: length over all, 90 feet; water-line length, 59 feet 3 inches; beam, 16 feet; draught, 11 feet; sail spread, 4052 square feet. Her centreboard is 20 feet long, of Delta metal, 3 inches thick, and weighs 3½ long tons. She is of composite construction, steel frame of angle bars covered with teak planking two inches thick. She is a finely made boat—one of the best ever seen on a dry-dock in this country. Her racing record covers starts in forty-six races, in which she won twenty-four first prizes and eleven second prizes.

There are no boats in her class in this country, the *Wasp* being the nearest to her size. She has been purchased by Mr. Percy Chubb, who is fitting her out with the intention of competing in the races incidental to the N. Y. Y. Club cruise.

THE LONGWOOD LAWN-TENNIS tournament has become one of the season's fixtures along with Nahant and Saratoga to which we look for a line on the true form of the leading players. Aside from this it has grown from an incidental affair to be one of the best-managed and most interesting of the year. The one finished last Saturday was no exception to the rule; the general entries were good, while of the men in the first flight all were present save Percy Knapp, who will probably not play again until possibly at Narragansett—certainly at Newport; E. L. Hall, who is taking a much needed rest; and W. A. Larned, who is likewise resting. It will be too bad if E. L. Hall jeopards his chances at Newport by previous injudicious playing; he has not been fit this season, and illness and lack of practice have jointly worked to weaken his game very considerably. Our first-class players are not so numerous that we can afford to lose any of them.

The first round of the tournament developed a surprise for Malcolm Chace, in a very close match with C. R. Budlong, who, though while unable to get but one set in four, made Chace play hard for two of them, the score reaching 9–7 in each instance. Chace had yet another surprise when in the fourth round he encountered A. E. Foote, but it was of short duration. The Yale champion, for such Foote is, started in with a rush, or rather very carefully, for he never rushes, playing deliberately and easily. Chace was nervous, and knocked ball after ball into the net and out of court. Foote took the first set, 6–3, and hung on to the second until Chace finally won with a 9–7 score. The remaining two sets were won by Chace hands down, Foote tiring and playing carelessly; he did not get a game, and Chace took the match, 3–6, 9–7, 6–0, 6–0.

The match to watch, however, of a round that contained no very interesting play, was that between Richard Stevens and V. G. Hall, the former winning, 6–3, 6–4, 6–4. Hall's game was a practical illustration of his being out of form; he knocked enough balls into the net and out of court to lose the match. Stevens, on the other hand, played a hard game; he got pace on to the balls, and did some pretty placing down the side lines. Hall ran to the net a great deal, and was repeatedly passed, but he gave occasional glimpses of what he might do in form by sharp cross court volleying, and by some clever placing; but Stevens was all over the court, and his cool steady game carried the day.

Previous to this match Stevens had defeated Wrenn with an ease that surprised every one. Wrenn started into the first set with much dash and won it, but that was the end of his success. He ran continuously to the net, and as often Stevens passed him. Wrenn and a great many of the spectators thought—before the match—that he would win, but Stevens carried all before him once he had set to work—2–6, 6–3, 6–1, 6–3.

WITH THESE TWO MATCHES TO WARM HIM UP, Stevens met Chace in the final round in prime condition, and played his strongest game of the season. The match throughout was hotly contested, and with the exception of the last two sets, the result always hung in the balance until the winning stroke. It was a long match, owing to the number of deuce and vantage games, and the many sustained rallies, it being a more or less common occurrence for the ball to be returned over the net half a dozen times or so. Stevens won by his steady, heady play, better placing, and his endurance. His "getting" was little short of remarkable several times, while his drives down the side lines were accurate and hard. Chace threw away very many points on what seemed fairly easy plays, and in the last two sets he was evidently pretty well tired out; he showed poor judgment also in several instances, particularly in attempting to beat Stevens at his own game. He has improved some over last year, but he takes too long a time to get the ball where he wants it, and he does not get on enough pace. He is yet some distance from the leaders. Stevens kept Chace in the back of the court, lobbing cleverly whenever he attempted to get to the net, and was always in position back of the ball. Score, 7–5, 3–6, 4–6, 6–3, 6–2.

STEVENS'S GAME, HOWEVER, WAS NOT PROOF against Hovey, whom he met Saturday for the Challenge Cup, Hovey being the holder, and the Harvard man won in three straight sets, 8–6, 7–5, 8–6, but they were three sets remarkable for persistent endeavor and wonderful backhand returns of apparently safe balls, on Stevens's part. Hovey's game is just the kind to kill Stevens's back-court play, and despite the latter's great returns and very clever side-line placing, Hovey's short cross-court drives and work at the net won the day. No one who had not Stevens's great endurance could have lasted at all, but there was never a time during the match that he was not right in the game, and in the second set he had Hovey on the run. He should have won this set really, being within a point of it, with the score in his favor, 5–3. Stevens was steady at all times, with the exception of a double fault, and knocked fewer returns into the net and out of court than did Hovey, the actual figures being—net—Hovey, 44; Stevens, 31; out—Hovey, 40; Stevens, 37.

THE MATCH WAS A STUBBORN FIGHT from the very beginning, with Stevens more than half the time in the lead; his backhand returns and side-line drives were very pretty tennis. Hovey did not play up to his best form by several points; he put many balls out of court and into the net which a very much less skilful player should have placed easily; dropping into baseball parlance, he seemed a great deal of the time to have lost control of the ball. He had to play an uphill game, and in this respect acquitted himself creditably. In the last game of the third set he was within a single point of the set and match eight times, and eight times Stevens saved himself by beautiful drives down into the corners of the court. On the ninth vantage in Hovey's favor Stevens returned into the net, and the match was Hovey's. Stevens plays the back-court game to perfection, and against all save the very best men it must prove a scoring game more often than not; but when put against the modern game of Hovey or Hobart or Larned, it is not strong enough. One would think Mr. Stevens would cultivate a little net play and make a strong combination.

This week the United States championship doubles are being played in Chicago, and will give the first opportunity in the singles of seeing the form of the California champion W. H. Taylor. Hobart and Hovey should win, for the present champions, Campbell and Huntington, cannot be in very good form, neither of them having had much practice, and it is not likely any Western pair is strong enough. Chace and Wrenn should make a good match with Taylor and Tobin if they come together. The Wentworth tournament is also furnishing a battle-ground for singles, with Chace and possibly Larned as the star attractions.

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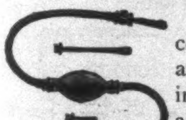

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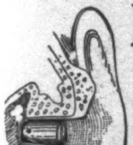

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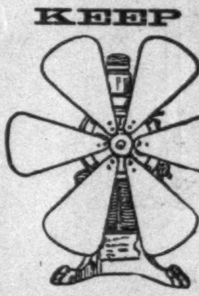

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